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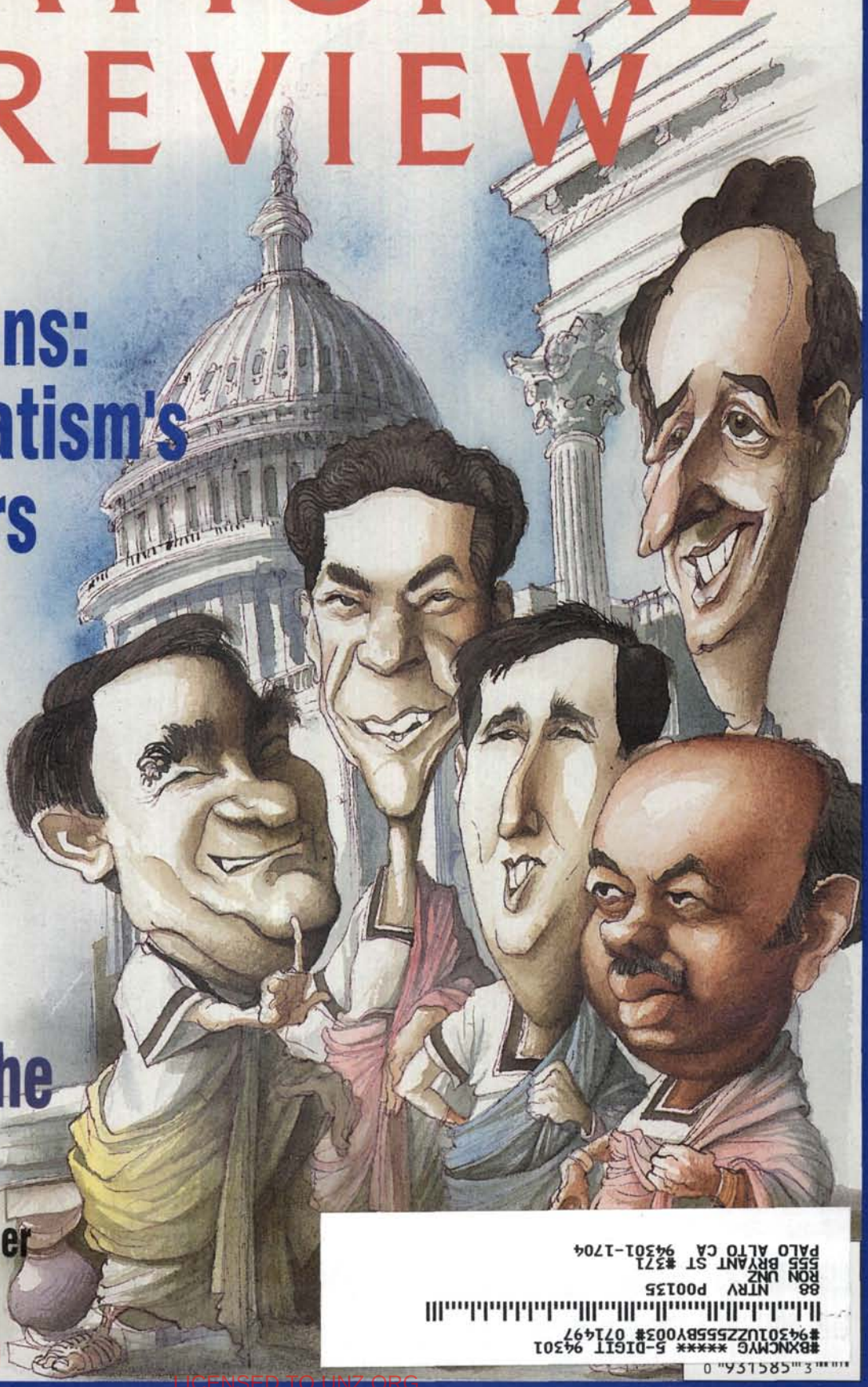

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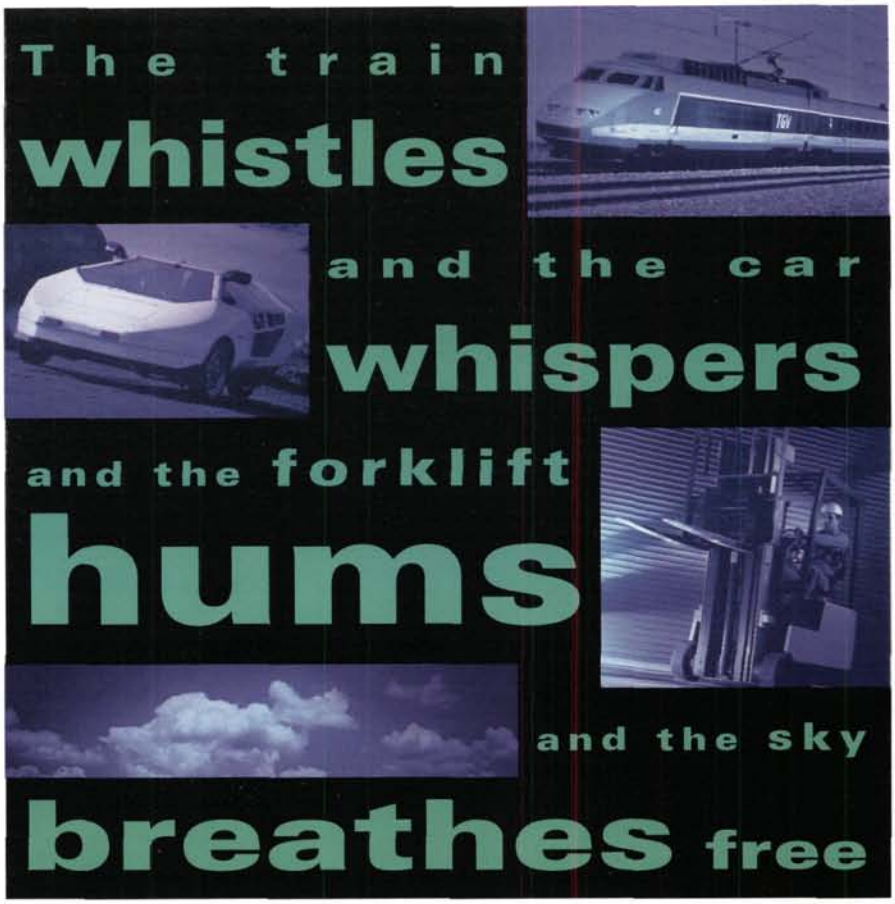

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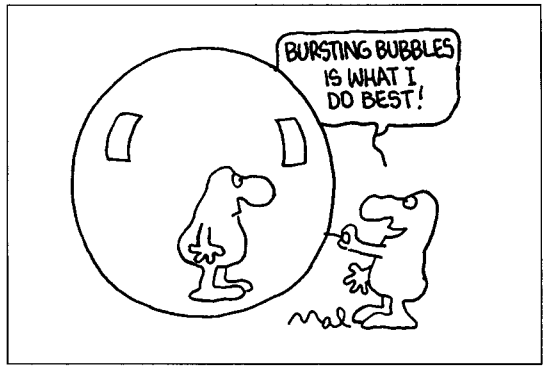

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LETTERS

The Lemon Bullet?

I should like to enter a partial dissent to Judge Robert Bork's excellent dissertation on the dry martini ["Ambrosia and Amnesia," Nov. 25]. If he elects to eschew olives, that's his privilege. I will admit that an olive is not necessary, but it does have two things to recommend it. 1) It does not intrude upon the flavor of the gin, which is, after all, a martini's main charm. 2) Its salty piquancy affords a tasty snack, if you happen to like olives. But then ("Oh, the horror, the horror!") the Judge mandates a twist of lemon. Lemon oil should be avoided unless one wishes to obliterate the taste of the gin. If that is your aim, you may as well be drinking vodka. There is an old one-liner about a crusty gentleman who, eyeing a piece of lemon rind in his martini, snarls at the waiter: "When I want a lemonade I'll ask for it." But if Judge Bork, and the host of other lemon advocates, choose to treat this noblest of cocktails like a filet of salmon or a shrimp cocktail, that is their affair.

Alfred G. Boylan
Pittsford, N.Y.

Jeffersonian Doubts

Forrest McDonald ["Doubting Thomas," Nov. 25], the worshipful biographer of Hamilton and arch-despiser of Jefferson, obviously reveled in reviewing Conor Cruise O'Brien's *The Long Affair*. Mr. McDonald thrills at what we are supposed to believe is O'Brien's indictment of Jefferson as an apostle of civil, not divine, religion; a shameless racist; a miscegenator; a bloodthirsty revolutionary; and above all a hypocrite. It is, however, a bit hard to tell which indictments spring from the book, purportedly about Jefferson and the French Revolution, and which calumnies are stock items from Mr. McDonald's ample inventory. Mr. McDonald's review is clearly one more skirmish in his long-time campaign to tear down the reputation of the Great Satan Jefferson, and in doing so to lionize his arch-rival Alexander "high tax, big debt, fiat money, high church, rule by the rich, restore the monarchy, reinstate feudal land tenures, get into foreign wars, suppress libertarian insurrection" Hamilton, aptly described by Cecilia Kenyon as "the Rousseau of the Right." It should be viewed in that light.

John McClaughry
Concord, Vt.

What a disappointment to see Mr. McDonald join the ranks of the New Left and the black-power movement in his shrill attacks on Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence. What is missing from McDonald's catalogue of this Founder's alleged sins is Jefferson's lifelong devotion to the cause of human freedom, based on "the laws of nature and of Nature's God," the very cause which should inform the trite allegation of Jefferson's alleged "racism." For precisely on what basis does McDonald (or O'Brien) criticize Jefferson for his doubts about the capacity of blacks and whites at different stages of development to live together in the same society if not the very principle (that "all men are created equal") for adhering to which Jefferson is denounced as a "fanatic"?

What Mr. McDonald fails to reveal is that Jefferson, after looking at the hard, unpleasant facts about contemporary blacks, nevertheless conceded that he might well be wrong. Moreover, he proclaimed, in regard to slavery, that "God's justice cannot sleep forever," and therefore there was no reason that white masters should continue to hold power over slaves.

The proper question to ask about Jefferson, as other scholars already have, is *not* why he continued to hold slaves even though he proclaimed human equality. Rather, it is how he could proclaim that principle even though for several generations he and many others in colonial America had held slaves.

Richard H. Reeb Jr.
Helendale, Calif.

It strikes me that the decanonization of Jefferson is well under way when his champions can defend him only by attacking the review of a book about him and associating the reviewer with the incongruous grouping of the New Left, the black-power movement, and Alexander Hamilton. Messrs. McClaughry and Reeb have obviously not read Conor Cruise O'Brien's book, not to mention the writings of Jefferson on which Mr. O'Brien so abundantly relied. If they had, they would be unable to fault the research and reportage, and would have to admit that theirs is a lost cause. Or perhaps not: Jefferson adulators are notoriously impervious to evidence when the subject is the Sage of Monticello. —FM

Is Patriarchy Inevitable?

Yes, and so is matriarchy ["Is Patriarchy Inevitable?" by Steven Goldberg, Nov. 11]. Women have no weaker mental capacity than men. The difference is that women lack the focus, the drive, and the daring to succeed in business or intellectual achievement, when their energy is focused on family and personal relationships.

It is a woman's responsibility to select the best man to be the father of her children, and to hold him to certain restrictions until he has provided a situation (marriage, financial support) in which children can be raised in an environment of trust and stability. This role gives women a great deal of power.

Men try to do what it takes to get the woman they want. They are focused, they are driven, they have a plan, a goal. It is the power of woman to direct this power of man. In this, the feminists have failed completely, and have dragged down a large proportion of women who have been thoroughly confused by the overrepresentation of feminists in the universities and media, and who have had feminism thrown at them by men who are all too anxious for sex and for the money their partners can make by following the aggressive policies propounded by feminism.

Lisa Hackett
Stamford, Conn.

Mr. Goldberg should look into the Native American tradition of the berdache, which undermines his statement that there is no society with a hierarchy in which males did not predominate. Here it is: In some Native American cultures, there existed men, women, and berdache; the latter could be of either sex, making them in essence a genderless gender. In this society, individuals were judged on the dress they wore and the work they did, instead of by their anatomical make-up. So, if a female did traditional "masculine" jobs, she was not a she, nor yet a he, but rather a berdache. The same goes for men who did "feminine" work. (Note that these labels of masculine and feminine did not exist in this society; it is simply our Western language that feels the need to explain this way of life.) Neither role was better or higher in this society than the other.

So, Mr. Goldberg, the socialization of men and women does not *always* work in the same direction; such sweeping generalizations of all societies should not be made. In this society, men and women were socialized to think in a different way from what we are accustomed to today, with neither gender holding a higher status than the other. These Native American groups held a different view of gender roles from ours today. It is a hard concept for West-

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erners to grasp; that fact, however, does not make it a better or worse system of living—simply different.

M. Barrett
Bordentown, N.J.

1) Berdache is far more often male than female, so even if M. Barrett were otherwise correct about status, it would be males who received the status. 2) Berdache always involves a minority and is irrelevant to the status of the roles played by most. 3) Most important: My "sweeping generalizations" reflect the ethnographies of every society. My Why Men Rule *gives quotations from every ethnography claimed (always by a third-hand source) to describe an exception and demonstrates that there are* no *exceptions. If dissenters were to attempt to find and* specify *one* actual *society justifying the claim that there is a society that lacks the institutions I discuss, they would find that there is not a single one.* —SG

One Nation, under God?

I read with exasperation the excerpt from Georgie Anne Geyer's forthcoming book ["Politics Is Job #1," Sept. 16]. Her account, in which she asserts that another National Council of La Raza staff member and I indicated that "we don't have members," and that we were instead accountable to our principal funder, the Ford Foundation, is both misleading and inaccurate, on several levels.

The insinuation that NCLR has no membership base is false. NCLR's constituency is institutional in nature. Indeed I indicated that we don't have *individual* members, which we do not. She ignored entirely my subsequent explanation regarding our community-based-organization membership—which consists of over two hundred local groups that serve over 2.5 million people per year—to whom we are fully accountable. Independent polls conducted by *Hispanic Business* magazine and others have found that NCLR is "hands down the most effective advocacy organization."

Moreover, Miss Geyer's description of our conversation regarding the Ford Foundation entirely omits the context of that part of the discussion, which had to do with the founding of NCLR in the late Sixties. She ignored the simple factual explanation that U.S. Hispanics, unlike many other ethnic groups, lacked their own institutions—churches, schools, professional societies, and civic groups. In this context, supporting regional organizations like the Southwest Council or national organizations like NCLR to establish and develop such mediating institutions made sense then and makes sense now.

Those who believe that the Trilateral Commission runs America, or that the Holocaust never happened, or that the Apollo moon landing was an elaborate hoax, will surely find much comfort in Miss Geyer's article, as is their right in a free society. Fortunately, the rest of us are also free to dismiss her article for the nonsense it is.

Charles Kamasaki
Senior Vice President, NCLR
Washington, D.C.

Contrary to Miss Geyer's assertions that the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund is attacking our American democratic principles, MALDEF works to ensure civic participation and the full integration of all Latinos living in the United States. MALDEF opposes language barriers to equal treatment for Latinos. It opposes non-job-related English-only rules in the workplace. It challenges discriminatory job assignments based on language ability. It opposes immigration legislation that encourages discrimination against Latinos. It works to eliminate structural barriers to full political participation.

MALDEF is proud of the support it has received from the Ford Foundation and a broad range of contributors who believe, as we do, in "our American sense of justice and decency." Our supporters include Bank of America, Anheuser-Busch Companies, Southern California Edison Company, Bechtel Corporation, AT&T, and many others.

And as for multiculturalism, MALDEF seeks no "ism." It seeks equal protection under the law for Latinos and those who are disfranchised; for those who historically have been gerrymandered out of voting participation; for those who want to work but have been discriminated against because of English-only rules, their accent, or the color of their skin. Sadly, multiculturalism is the screen that many hide behind when they are threatened by change. This is a changing society. We all bear a responsibility to help achieve a greater understanding of who we are as a people—an American people.

Antonia Hernandez
President & General Counsel, MALDEF
Los Angeles, Calif.

I have never denied that organizations like the National Council of La Raza (which, remember, means the race*) do not have institutional members; I do claim that their structures and their mindset do not represent even a small minority of Hispanic-American citizens. My findings are not very daring.* Dallas Morning News *columnist Richard Estrada says: "One basic fact is often left out of the coverage: these organizations depend largely on liberal foundations . . . but not on the Hispanic rank and file." Liberal historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. states: "Today, ethnic lobbies . . . are not supported by the majority of their people and they are paid for by American foundations supported and run by the Left . . ." Polls are without exception consistent in their findings on citizenship issues. A 1985 Roper poll found that 91 per cent of Hispanic-Americans were in favor of stopping all illegal entries, and 77 per cent wanted to reduce the quotas for immigration. In the Ford Foundation's* own *poll, the 1993 Latino National Political Survey, fully 90 per cent of those polled said that none of the ethnic organizations spoke for them or for their ideas. When challenged, these activist groups reveal themselves by reverting to ever more creative name-calling. When I testified before Congress on October 22 on strengthening citizenship, NCLR chief Raúl Yzaguirre, who also testified, spent most of his allotted time calling the rest of us "racists." Now, in Mr. Kamasaki's letter, we are Holocaust deniers, Trilateral Commission spooks, and God knows what else. My, my.*

When MALDEF leaders say that their organization "opposes language barriers," it reveals its ultimate intention, which is systematically to break down this country into ethnically, linguistically, and even ideologically separate interest groups bartering for group rights and privileges. This is a euphemism for the destruction of English as the *language of the United States and as the linguistic glue that makes Americans out of persons from disparate backgrounds. In his book* Mexican Americans: The Ambivalent Minority, *Brookings Institution scholar Peter Skerry meticulously traces how MALDEF's lawyers waged the decade-long battle against immigration reform and linguistic unity throughout the Eighties, "without widespread grassroots support, a fact that was certainly evident . . ." In the summing up of all these acts, one does indeed find an "ism," which is the multiculturalists' "ism" of division by race, ethnicity, and language. Those of us who have been morally and passionately against such divisions are not against "change" at all, but we are surely against such a devolution to what are essentially the evils of the past.* —GAG

A Useful Factette

You recently used the word "factoid" ["From the Editor," Nov. 11] describing a feature of the *New York Times Book Review*. Let's reserve "factoid" for things that look like facts (cf. android) but aren't, and coin a new word, factette, for little facts.

Richard Tallant Carruthers
Hammond, Ore.

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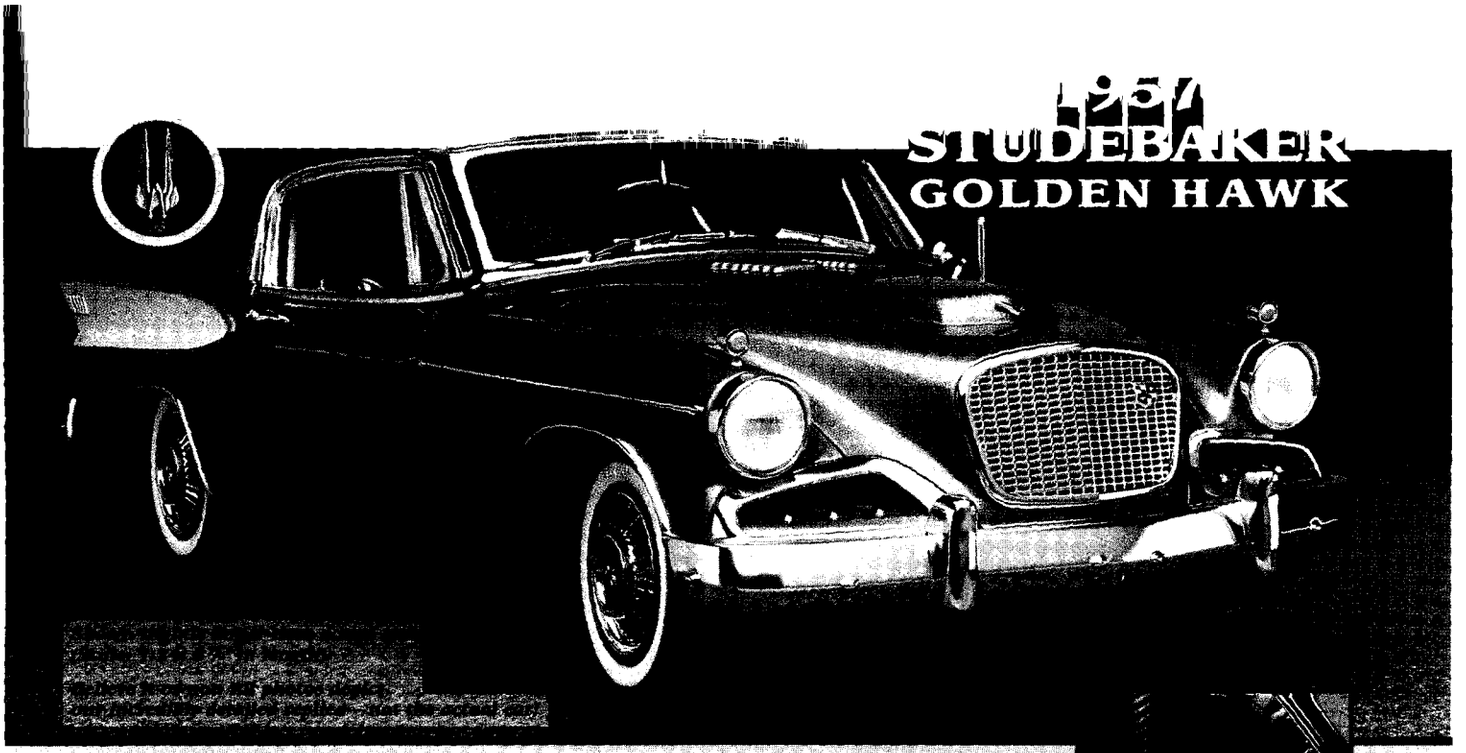

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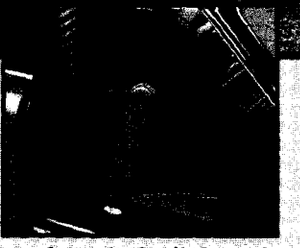

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FROM THE EDITOR

Song of Songs

■ At last—the moment for which some of you have been waiting: the winning suggestion for *NR*'s own signature tune, chosen from several hundred entries.

Judges used the elimination method. We first rejected overly topical entries, usually ones sniping at Mr. Clinton: "Arkansas Traveler," Porter's "Have You Met Miss Jones?" and "You Don't Send Me Flowers Any More." Really now.

Next to go: songs that were too pious, including "America the Beautiful," "God Bless America," "God Bless the USA," and Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" (a/k/a the Song of the Brussels Bureaucracy), all the way down to "Climb Every Mountain" and "My Way." After all, *NR* is a magazine, and we were advertising for a signature tune, not an anthem.

Many entries were inspired by malice, satire, or both. No complaints—still, we did not adopt "Send In the Clowns," the Ride of the Valkyries, "Live and Let Die" (one of two James Bond songs—the other had a chance: "Nobody Does It Better"), or "Comfortably Numb" by a Mr. Pink Floyd.

Still in this category: of the Sousa entries, we judged "Gallant and Gay We March Away" the least appropriate; "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" was deemed insensitive to small magazines; and not even the rule that the Devil should not have all the best tunes could save "Happy Days Are Here Again."

That left three categories: rock, country-and-western, and popular standards. Rock songs suffer because even their politically sound lyrics lack wit. So, close but no cigar for The Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again," Paul McCartney's "Yesterday," and (Steve Sailer's suggestion) "Sympathy for the Devil."

Among C&W songs, Merle Haggard's fine "Okie from Muscogee" led the field. C&W music has strong conservative themes, notably endurance in the face of life's pains. But does it have the chilled-Martini-at-21 spirit of *NR*? We thought not, and turned to popular standards—where a problem arose.

Lyric after lyric was terrific until it reached the boy–girl stuff. Thus, Ira Gershwin's "Our Love Is Here to Stay" begins promisingly: "*The more I read the papers/The less I comprehend/The world and all its capers/And how it all must end./Nothing seems to be lasting,/But that isn't our affair./We've got something permanent* . . . but then veers into . . . *"I mean, in the way we care."* Not Russell Kirk's idea of the permanent things.

We were left with: "Accentuate the Positive" (too optimistic), "Here's That Rainy Day" (too pessimistic), "Everything Old Is New Again" (too complacent), "You Gotta Eat Your Spinach, Baby" (too evangelical), and the winner, Frank Loesser's "I Believe in You"—a simple tribute to *NR*'s sterling qualities:

You have the cool clear eyes
of a seeker of wisdom and truth,
Yet there's that upturned chin
and the grin of impetuous youth.
I believe in you; I believe in you.
I hear the sound of good
solid judgment whenever you talk.
Yet there's the bold, brave spring
of a tiger that quickens your walk.
I believe in you; I believe in you.
And when my faith in my fellow man
all but falls apart,
I've but to feel your hand grasping
mine, and I take heart, I take heart,
To see the cool clear eyes
of a seeker of wisdom and truth;
Yet there's that slam-bang tang,
reminiscent of gin and vermouth.
I believe in you; I believe in you.

(And not too much vermouth.)

This song was submitted by the judges, namely myself, after rejecting the other entries. Unfortunately, we had already bought the champagne.

■ Coincidentally, entries for our anti-Christmas competition (no later than January 3, 1997) should illustrate the secularist attempt to drive Christmas from American life. Yes, the usual bottle of bubbly. Interest is intense. We already have an entry from a former executive of Texaco. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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Tabletop radios are popular for their convenience and small size. But their sound quality leaves much to be desired. No one really expects high-fidelity sound from a radio. Until now.

Bose presents the Wave radio. It's the one radio acclaimed by leading audio critics. Because it's the one radio that delivers big, rich, lifelike stereo sound *plus* a small, convenient size.

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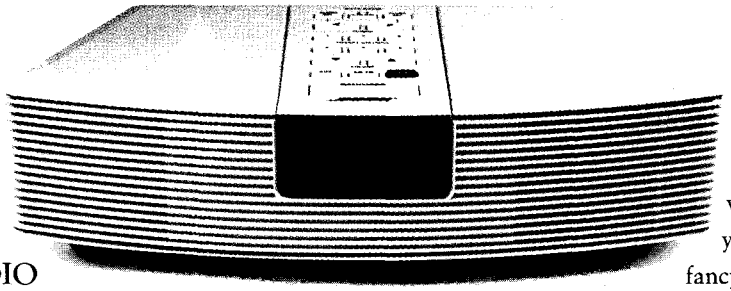
HEAR THE RADIO THAT WOKE UP AN ENTIRE INDUSTRY.



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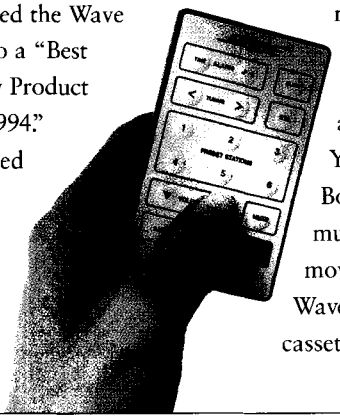
We think the Wave radio is the best-sounding radio you can buy. And audio critics agree.

Radio World called the sound "simply amazing... a genuine breakthrough in improved sound quality." *Business Week* named the Wave radio a "Best New Product of 1994."

Popular Science called it "a sonic marvel" and gave it a prestigious "Best of What's New" award. The key is our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. Just as a flute strengthens a breath of air to fill an entire concert hall, the waveguide produces room-filling sound from a small enclosure. This technology and performance is available in no other radio.

The speakers in conventional radios cannot produce lifelike bass, which is essential for great sound.

Only the Wave radio with acoustic waveguide speaker technology produces high-quality sound with full, rich bass.



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Operate the radio from across the room with the credit card-sized remote control. Set six AM and six FM stations, and switch between them at the touch of a button. You can even bring great Bose sound to recorded music, TV programs, or movies by connecting the Wave radio to your CD or cassette player, TV, or VCR.

Wired magazine said it has a "clean, sweet sound that will have your friends wondering where you've hidden your fancy speakers." But you have to hear the Wave radio for yourself to believe it. Call today.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ *Congressional Quarterly Monitor* writes that moderate GOP Rep. "**John Boehner** [Ohio] says . . . in light of the President's opposition, the GOP would shy away from the types of conservative social proposals that polarized the public in 1996." Is he referring to partial-birth abortion? Welfare reform? The Defense of Marriage Act? . . . Sen. **Al D'Amato** (R., N.Y.) is said to believe partial-birth abortion and gun control caused GOP wipeout in Northeast; he blames House Majority Leader **Dick Armey**. . . . Meanwhile, N.Y. Gov. **George Pataki**, watched carefully by conservatives because of links with D'Amato, is getting kudos for welfare-reform plan. . . . In Australia, Self-Pitier-in-Chief **Bill Clinton** compares himself to **Richard Jewell** as target of baseless allegations in press. Widely respected retiring Rep. **William Clinger** (R., Pa.), who led committee investigating several White House scandals, plans to write a book about them by next summer. Conservative commentator **Laura Ingraham** takes to *New York Times* op-ed page to question competence of Clinger's successor, Rep. **Dan Burton** (R., Ind.). . . . **James Carville** plans to start a group to publicize "right-wing agenda" of Whitewater prosecutor **Kenneth Starr**: "No one I know has any faith in his objectivity." Mrs. Carville, a/k/a **Mary Matalin**, begs to differ: "This is not an attack on Ken Starr, this is an attack on the justice system." . . . *Wall Street Journal* notes that Common Cause urged House Ethics Committee Chairman **Nancy Johnson** (R., Conn.) to recuse herself from **Gingrich** investigation on grounds that she was biased in favor of Speaker, but now blasts House leaders for considering changing panel membership.

■ Media notes: Commenting on September **Roper** poll that found 61 per cent of Democrats thought media coverage of campaign was balanced, while 65 per cent of Republicans thought it favored the Democrats, *Wall Street Journal* editor **Robert Bartley** says, "I don't see how editors and publishers can take much comfort in learning that one side of a debate thinks they're fair and the other thinks they're biased." . . . **Elizabeth Gleick** writes in *Time* on Delaware infanticide case: "What led [the couple] to behave so inexplicably? Why didn't they contact a confidential abortion clinic or adoption agency?" In same issue, **Margaret Carlson** does damage control for abortion rights: "You don't have to be persuaded that the difference between what **Amy** and **Brian** did and a third-trimester abortion is only time (a couple of weeks) and place (a $56-a-night motel rather than a clinic) to retreat to a dark corner of your conscience and fathom what is right." . . . After **Carl Rowan** accuses **Rush Limbaugh** and **Howard Stern** of being hatemongers, *Washington Post* media commentator **Howard Kurtz** notes that Rowan "marshals almost no evidence of their supposedly hateful appeals. One is left wondering whether Rowan actually has listened to these radio loudmouths."

■ Actor **Woody Harrelson** is arrested for taking part in protest on Golden Gate Bridge. He wants Federal Government to acquire 60,000-acre grove of ancient redwoods. Quoth Harrelson: "I don't understand why these trees can't be considered a landmark. They're certainly to me, valuable enough." . . . Consumer Alert and Media Research Center release report on "Women's Magazines: A Liberal Pipeline to Soccer Moms." Among the findings: "In the 13 magazines studied, there were 115 positive portrayals of government activism and/or calls for more. There were only 18 negative portrayals and/or calls for less." In 23 stories, readers were asked "to lobby government officials on behalf of expanded government programs." The worst offenders: *Working Woman* and *Glamour*. . . . Rep. **Bob Livingston** (R., La.) writes to ACLU director **Ira Glasser**: Since Clinton Administration took office, "we've had innumerable instances of . . . gross violations of individual human rights . . . with no expressions of concern whatsoever from the ACLU." . . . In Florida, **Charlie Wells**, sheriff of Manatee County, founds activist group, Stop Turning Out Prisoners, to fight Florida Supreme Court's mandating early release of 480 felons, including child-killers and other murderers.

■ Former President of Mexico **Carlos Salinas de Gortari**, holed up in Dublin after Canada threw him out, claimed in a 12-hour session with Mexico's judicial police that he had nothing to do with the 1994 murder of his governing party's presidential candidate, **Luis Donaldo Colosio**, nor with the assassination of party's secretary general, **José Francisco Ruiz Massieu**, six months later. Salinas's brother, **Raúl**, has been charged in Ruiz's murder. . . . Ex-Gen. **Ehud Barak**, a hardliner on security issues, will get control of Israeli Labor Party next June under compromise with thrice-defeated party leader **Shimon Peres**, who will hang around in hopes of negotiating a "national government." Meanwhile, PLO leader **Yasir Arafat** tells Paris radio audience he plans to declare Palestinian state in two years, regardless of what happens in negotiations. Israeli Prime Minister **Benjamin Netanyahu** warned that unilateral PLO declaration would be "a breach of the [Oslo] agreement and a grave error on its part and we are prepared for this possibility." . . . Foreign Ministry spokesman **Sermet Atacanli** says Turkey has canceled order for Cobra helicopters after they were held up in U.S. House by bipartisan coalition objecting to their probable use against Kurdish rebels. . . . Australian PM **John Howard** snubs Hong Kong's prodemocracy politicians during a visit, apparently in an effort not to antagonize Peking.

■ After election, **Bob Dole** tells reporters he will "maybe get you tickets to a Brooklyn Dodgers game." . . . *The Chronicle on Philanthropy* reports on parody websites. American Civil Liberties Union is at www.aclu.org, but anyone who types www.aclu.com will get the "Association of Crying Liberal Underachievers." People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals is furious about www.peta.org, the address for "People Eating Tasty Animals."

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THE WEEK

■ How can David Kessler say he leaves the Food and Drug Administration with his objectives accomplished when someone, somewhere, is still enjoying himself?

■ Get ready to see hordes of starving children on the screen, if not the streets. Liberals are gearing up to "fix" the welfare bill passed this summer. They want to let noncitizens (and, in their more fanciful moments, single men under 50 who don't work) collect food stamps. Similarly, they want to ease eligibility rules for noncitizens seeking Supplemental Security Income—currently the fastest-growing welfare program. All told, they would snatch back $13 billion of the $55 billion the welfare bill saved. The First Lady wants to lead this charge. Sounds good to us; maybe she can bring back Ira Magaziner to assist. Republicans in Congress should be looking forward to fighting on this territory. But the liberals are right on one point: the welfare bill *should* be revisited. Work requirements should be strengthened; under the law only a quarter of recipients have to work by 2002. Medicaid should be cut and block-granted to the states. And the Legal Services Corporation should be prohibited from using federal funds to challenge welfare reform—or to do anything else, for that matter.

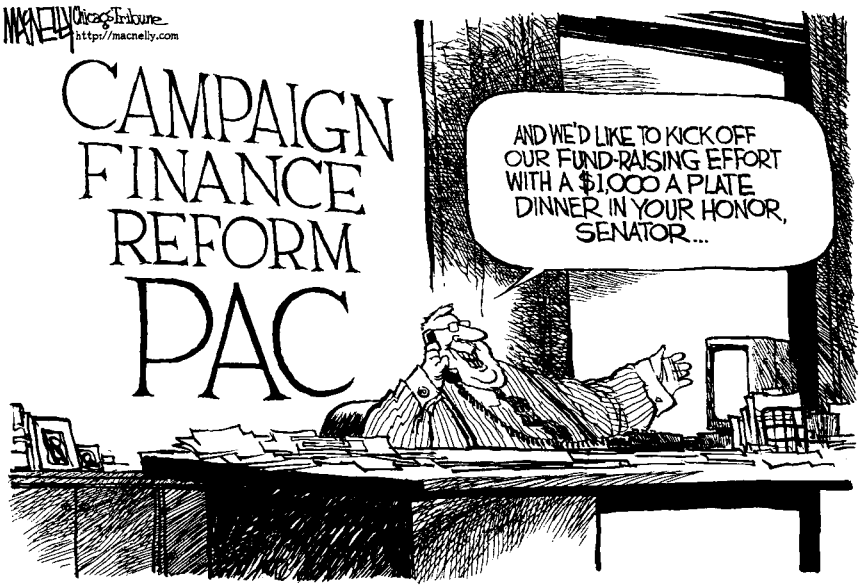
■ From the *Washington Post*: "President Clinton faces a choice as he returns this week to the business of staffing his Administration for a second term: He will either make history by appointing a woman to one of the two spots on his national-security team, or risk sorely disappointing many of the very voters who provided his margin of victory in last month's election" (John J. Harris, Dec. 3). Does that mean Mary Landrieu has to staff her Senate office with dead black people?

■ Resigning FDA Commissioner David Kessler claims to have been asked by the Clinton Administration to stay on, but that seems unlikely, in view of his recently revealed cheating on job-related travel expenses. According to the published accounts of *l'affaire* Kessler, he has virtually admitted the misdeeds—falsifying travel vouchers, double-billing travel expenses and the like—by returning money to the government. Clearly this commissioner needed a warning label. The most-often-mentioned candidate to replace him is Lynn Goldman, now Assistant Administrator for Pesticides and Toxic Substances at the Environmental Protection Agency. A solid Clinton choice: she's scientifically challenged, has conducted a virtual war on innovation in the biotechnology and pesticide industries, and presides over an organization known for chaotic incompetence (it recently lost two hundred files containing industrial trade secrets). The good news is that she should be unconfirmable by the Republican-controlled Senate.

■ We're checking rumors that every time Janet Reno leaves her office for a few minutes, she puts an "occupied" card on her chair.

■ A devastating front-page headline in the November 18 *Washington Post* shattered the illusions of the bi-partisan Beltway Establishment: "IMMIGRATION ISSUES AWAIT NEW CONGRESS: Surging Legal Influx Will Be among Topics of Renewed Debate." Rushing to restore these illusions in a December 2 letter to the Editor: Stuart Anderson (alas) of the Cato Institute (alack). Anderson's claim: the current increase (to about one million in 1996) somehow doesn't count, because it's due to the fact that the three million-odd beneficiaries of the 1986 amnesty are now becoming citizens and sponsoring their relatives. Unmentioned corollary to Anderson's claim: eventually this new immigration boom will produce another boom, as these sponsored relatives get to sponsor their own relatives. Unindicted culprit: the misnamed "family reunification" principle, which treats immigration as a civil right extended to a randomly selected class of foreigners—the relatives of recent immigrants—and divorces it from any American interest. In fact, no serious analyst denies that the 1990s will see record immigration, probably in excess of ten million, bringing with it everything from overcrowded schools to female circumcision. Immigration enthusiasts are committed to a policy that brings them into increasingly desperate conflict with the facts, and common sense.

■ As Chairman of the Immigration Subcommittee in the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last Congress, Sen. Alan Simpson (R., Wyo.) led the unsuccessful Senate fight to reduce legal-immigration levels. Simpson's retirement means that the torch must be passed to a successor. Jon Kyl (R., Ariz.), who firmly supported moderate cuts in immigration, has seniority on the subcommittee, and so the chairmanship is his if he wants it. But Spencer Abraham (R., Mich.), the man most responsible for killing reform of legal immigration in the Senate last year, has been lobbying for the position. While *NR* admires Sen. Abraham and supports him on most issues (indeed, *NR* backed him for Chairman of the Republican National Committee four years ago), his misguided views on immigration have consequences too grave to be ignored. *NR* hopes that Kyl, who understands the urgent need for immigration reform, will take the chairmanship. If he doesn't, appointing Abraham would continue an immigration policy utterly disconnected from our national interests. It would also represent contempt for rank-and-file Republicans, who in an RNC survey supported lower levels of immigration by overwhelming margins. If their views are to be so casually ignored, the RNC should feel the pinch in its next fund appeal.

■ Meanwhile, Haley Barbour's successor as RNC Chairman will be chosen by the RNC's 165 voting members at next month's winter meeting. There is no clear frontrunner among the current candidates, who include RNC General Counsel David Norcross of New Jersey, ex-RNC Co-Chairman Jeanie Austin of Florida, Chuck Yob of Michigan, and Bob Bennett of Ohio. Former New Hampshire Gov. Steve Merrill has also entered the race. Committee conservatives haven't endorsed a candidate but there is no doubt who would be unacceptable to them. National Committeeman Morton Blackwell sees Jeanie Austin as "actively hostile to traditional conservatives" and says, " David Norcross's principal credential is that he has always done exactly what he has been told to do." Conservatives hope that Texas GOP Chairman Tom Pauken will join the field. In an ideal world a principled conservative like Pauken, with a thirty-year record of commitment to the movement, would win by acclamation. But until the party's establishment is as conservative as its grassroots, Pauken's supporters can only hope to form a coalition to ensure that a candidate not openly hostile to traditional conservatives wins. Applications from other conservative heavyweights would be welcome. (Confidential to Vin Weber—now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.)

■ The FBI announced that it would investigate contributors to the Democratic National Committee for "potential criminal misconduct." Coming soon to a T-shirt near you: "I sent a huge check to the Democrats and all I got was a lousy subpoena."

■ Turnabout is more than fair play—sometimes it's positively therapeutic. Now that the Clinton Administration is feeling the lash of the independent-counsel law (latest installment: the Landmark Legal Foundation calls for an independent counsel to investigate Vice President Gore's Buddhist temple fundraising) liberals and Democrats are beginning to question its wisdom. They are right, if tardy. The statute turns political battles, which would be best decided by the public, into legal disputes resolved by grand juries. And it has always been a constitutional bastard, an invention of congressional Democrats to increase their leverage over the Executive Branch. The law expires in 1999, at which point it should be left for dead. Until then, however, Democrats, like Frankenstein, must live with their creation.

■ RHETORICAL NICETIES DEPT. Let others say that Clinton aide Bruce Lindsey is telling the President to lie about the Democratic funding mess. The *New York Times* finds the *mot juste*: "Mr. Lindsey advises less candor."

■ For the last five years Bill Clinton has labeled Presidents Reagan and Bush the "free lunch crowd"—the people who ran up the national debt by more than $3 trillion. And for nearly a decade Sen. Robert Byrd of West Virginia—pork-barreler extraordinaire—has proclaimed that the budgets passed by Congress in the 1980s spent less money than the Reagan Administration requested. Byrd and his colleagues were allegedly the tightwads, Ronald Reagan the big spender. A new report by the Institute for Policy Innovation in Lewisville, Texas, entitled, "Whose Free Lunch? The Truth about the Reagan Deficits," balances the books: Reagan's budget requests were lower in every single year that he submitted a budget than the actual amount Congress spent. The total excess spending by Congress over those years was $209 billion. Congress spent $80 billion less than requested on national defense in fiscal years 1982–89, but $300 billion more on domestic programs—mostly entitlements. Yes, we would still have had large budget deficits in the 1980s even if all Reagan's budget requests had been enacted. But those deficits would have been about $25 billion a year *lower* than the red ink Congress actually spilled. Footnote: the IPI study also shows that every President since Gerald

The Hired Gun

James Carville has a vivid tongue,
With pressure building in each lung.
Together with attack ads that
Would petrify Aunt Pittypat,
He stalks the prosecutor while
The Mrs. walks the bathroom tile,
As tension builds the way it does
When O.J. contemplates the fuzz.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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What's Happening With U.S.-Japan Trade?

Quite a lot. While the U.S. trade deficit with Japan is still quite large, there has been significant progress during the last year or so in reducing this seemingly permanent fixture of U.S.-Japan economic relations. But that's only part of the story. Behind it are a number of positive trends that bode well for the future.

First is the trade situation itself. Last year, U.S. exports to Japan surged by 20.3%, while Japanese exports to the U.S. grew by only 2.8%. Equally encouraging is the fact that America's *surplus* with Japan in services—a fast-growing category not usually included in trade balance reports—expanded in 1995 by as much as 80% to $10.5 billion.

Aside from the still-strong yen, which makes U.S. goods cheaper in Japan and Japanese goods more costly in the U.S., Japan's ongoing efforts to make its markets more open and promote deregulation are bearing fruit, especially as American manufacturers are trying harder to meet Japanese consumer needs. And although Japan will always be a big importer of raw materials and foodstuffs—it's the top foreign market for U.S. agricultural goods—the fact that finished goods now account for 60% of Japan's overall imports (up from 31% in 1985) has translated into greater opportunities for manufacturers in some of America's most competitive industries. Some examples: in 1995, U.S. medical equipment and office machinery manufacturers posted double-digit gains in Japan.

Japanese exports to the U.S. in some key sectors, like autos, are declining because of increased local manufacturing in the U.S. But trade is a two-way street, so both sides benefit from such "transplant" operations. Japanese manufacturers save on shipping costs, while gaining access to high-quality, reasonably priced components; American communities gain good jobs—more than 700,000 to date—as well as other economic advantages, and U.S. suppliers gain new business opportunities.

Although the U.S. and Japan still have some work to do on their trade relationship, it's important not to lose sight of the good things that are happening.

Japan Business Information Center
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Ford has wanted to spend less money than Congress has. Except for one: Bill Clinton.

■ O. J. Simpson stonewalled everything. The classic Clinton defense, except that he forgot to accuse the plaintiffs of indifference to children.

■ Russia's General Aleksandr Lebed paid his first visit to the U.S. in mid November, seeing senior State, Pentagon, and NSC officials and wowing policy wonks in New York and Washington. He was charismatic, articulate, candid—and shrewd in the moderate impression he fostered. He was eager for good relations with the U.S., he said; Americans and Russians have so much in common (unlike the Europeans). He claimed to be relaxed about NATO enlargement and uninterested in reintegration of the former Soviet republics ("Russia is tired of being the cow that everyone milks")—the two usual hobby horses of Russian nationalists. He dined with the Latvian, Lithuanian, and Estonian ambassadors and pledged his respect for their independence. Lebed's preoccupations are clearly domestic—restoring the dignity of the army; purging the kleptocracy that runs the country; freeing up the economy by reducing government interference. He is a nationalist, devoted to restoring Russia's glory, and a force. While he avowed his loyalty to Boris Yeltsin, he seems capable of filling any vacuum that should appear. Whether he is ultimately a threat to the West remains to be seen, but he is clearly a more complex—and perhaps more formidable—phenomenon than he was originally perceived to be, by *NR* among others.

■ Hillary Rodham Clinton stirred up the social scene Down Under, according to the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Invited to a glitzy reception, she was "so dissatisfied" with the guest list that she arranged to have several prominent leftists crash the private party. She explained that she had an important speech to make and wanted somebody there who could "appreciate" it, as, presumably, the hostess and the invited guests could not. And Americans think Australians are rude and crude.

■ Brian Peterson and Amy Grossberg are the 18-year-old college freshmen who went to a motel in Delaware so that Amy could give birth to their child, whom they then tossed in a dumpster, where he was found, dead, the next day. The pair have been charged with first-degree murder, which could carry the death penalty. But why is what they did so much more heinous than what a doctor might have done a few hours earlier, in a partial-birth abortion? The best line on this ugly affair belongs to George Will. "Could Delaware choose to execute the two by inserting scissors into the bases of their skulls, opening the scissors, inserting suction tubes, and sucking out their brains? Of course not. The Constitution forbids choosing cruel and unusual punishments."

■ The Oakland, California, Board of Education is looking into the claims of the Task Force on the Education of African-American Students that "most black students need to be classified as bilingual" because they speak Ebonics. Yes, *Ebonics*—a language thought to be akin to "jive talk" and caused by public education in general and want of remedial English in particular.

■ For several years Joseph Epstein, one of the finest essayists of our time, has been a bone in the throat of the academic establishment. At last they have managed to get rid of him as editor of *American Scholar*, the quarterly journal of the Phi Beta Kappa society. He had edited that magazine without partisanship, and his own regular essays had been a principal reason for reading it. He despised Victimology, the current academic religion, which earned him the hatred of such usual suspects as the novelist Joyce Carol Oates and feminist Rutgers dean Catherine Stimson. The war against Epstein was conducted on the op-ed page of the *New York Times* and on the academic grapevine. As Baudelaire remarked to Manet, "You have the honor of being hated." The name of the journal *American Scholar* recalls Emerson's August 31, 1837, address, which became one of his major essays. Emerson attacked the complacency of the Harvard intelligentsia of his day, and spoke sternly of independence of mind as the duty of the American scholar. Joseph Epstein will continue to write in that spirit, even though he has been fired by a gang of conformist philistines.

■ *Everyone Says I Love You*, Woody Allen's latest, has a running joke about *NR*, recalling his gibe at us in *Annie Hall*. While we are not at liberty to discuss our product-placement arrangements with Mr. Allen, we expect the jokes to continue.

It's McDougal

Hello? This is Susan.
I've just called to see
If there's any message.
Nothing? Golly-gee.

—W. H. VON DREELE

O. J. and Us

THE civil trial of O. J. Simpson for wrongful death—a second trial of the century, only a year after the conclusion of the first one—is more than fodder for the tabloids and the Entertainment Channel. It raises disturbing questions about law and race in America.

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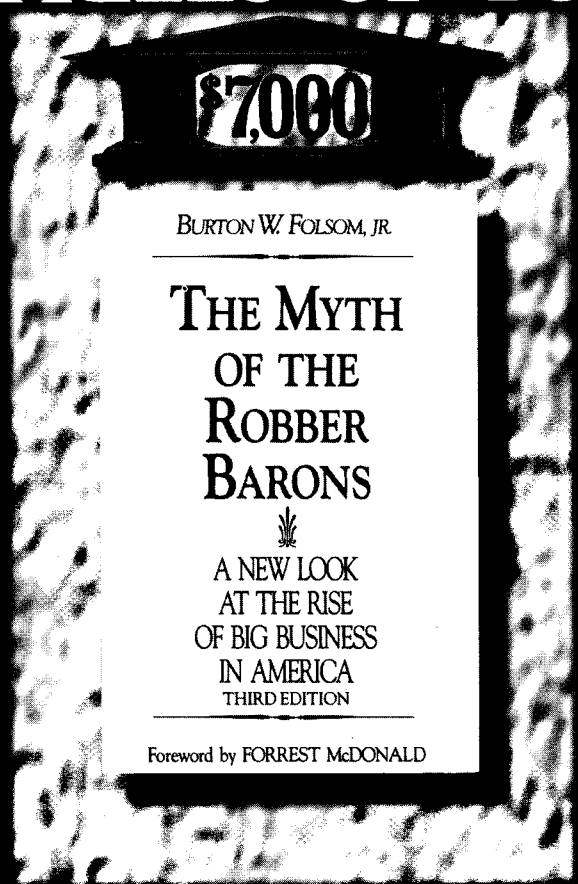
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Why does it take two trials to get a real trial? The layman thinks of a trial as an attempt to discover whether or not the defendant committed a crime. But legal procedure in America has become such a formalized game—a postmodern commentary on its own procedures—that it takes a second try, and the somewhat looser rules of a civil court, to accomplish elementary tasks, such as putting Mr. Simpson on the stand. None of the commentators summoned by the media—Gerry Spence, et al.—raise this point, because they are lawyers who profit by the system they have created. As well ask a maker of dueling pistols to judge the code duello.

Yet Mr. Simpson's defense teams are not just shyster lawyers, using any expedient to get their client off. In the first trial, at least, they were also race hustlers, invoking an ideology of oppression. An important article in *The New Republic*, "The Bloods and the Crits" by Jeffrey Rosen, examines the racial backdrop of the case. The "Crits" of Rosen's title are a school of legal scholars, known as critical race theorists. The fashionable Left in law schools has long held that the law itself is simply a mask for power. Critical race theory focuses on the power of whites over blacks. It holds that the two races see things differently, in the most radical sense. Blacks can convey their experience effectively, not in the language of the law, but only by telling stories of their own oppression. The stories may not be strictly true, in the pedestrian sense of conforming to the facts, but they convey the larger truth of black victimhood. When even such storytelling does not work, black jurors are justified in nullifying laws that would convict non-violent black offenders.

"The Simpson case," writes Rosen, "is something of an

Right Data

UNDER the new welfare law, states must find work for at least 25 per cent of their welfare caseload next year. Within five years, half of all adults on welfare—about 2.2 million people—must be working at least 30 hours a week. Not surprisingly, many policymakers doubt that enough jobs can be created. Harvard sociologist William Julius Wilson has gone so far as to propose a new WPA for the nation's inner cities.

But are jobs the problem? In a recent book Wilson says that businesses began to leave the inner cities "in the early 1970s." He implies that urban decay followed shortly thereafter. But a close look at the data suggests his time line is wrong. Welfare dependency and its attendant pathologies were rising well before the jobs left.

From 1955 to 1965 black and white males participated in the labor force at similar rates, with blacks actually more likely to be working or looking for work. Then in 1965, amid the strongest economic expansion in U.S. history, the two groups parted company. Black males, especially young ones, lost interest in work. By the mid 1970s a 20-point gap had opened up between young blacks and young whites. In toto, about 900,000 black men dropped out of the labor force between 1965 and 1975.

What makes this trend so disturbing is how little affected it was by the 1980s, when employment boomed and the average Aid to Families with Dependent Children benefit fell in real terms; or by the 1990s, when many states resorted to workfare. In 1995, participation rates for both blacks and whites were slightly below levels reached five years earlier. Although the number of people receiving AFDC fell in 1995 (and is down again this year), this reflects increased employment of people already in the labor force. There's no sign of a renewed work ethic among the underclass.

The late Sixties, of course, saw a welfare boom under LBJ's Great Society. In just five years, 1965 to 1970, the number of AFDC beneficiaries doubled. Pat Moynihan, then a Harvard professor, expressed alarm over the fact that 25 per cent of black births were out of wedlock. Ten years later, in 1975, black illegitimacy was over 50 per cent. Today it is 70 per cent, and in inner cities the figure typically is 80 per cent.

The timing suggests that businesses began to flee the inner cities *because* of a declining pool of willing workers. And even today, urban employers have trouble finding entry-level personnel. Fast-food chains like McDonald's say they must offer several dollars above the minimum wage to attract workers.

With welfare no longer an open-ended entitlement, such "dead-end jobs" probably won't be sniffed at. But hitting the job targets still won't be easy. Manufacturing, the backbone of inner-city economies before the jobs "left," employs fewer U.S. workers today than it did thirty years ago. Three-quarters of the jobs created since 1989 are managerial and professional, most requiring special skills.

Job training? Upfront costs are prohibitively high. No publicly run program has produced a rate of return as high as 10 per cent, according to labor economist James Heckman. That means that getting a welfare mother off the rolls by raising her earnings $5,000 per year costs her state government *at least* $50,000. Privately run programs are more efficient. America Works, a New York company, charges governments $5,300 to get someone off the welfare rolls; the full fee isn't paid until the recipient has worked for seven months.

Welfare bureaucracies have had no incentive to get people off the rolls. Until now. The new law cuts a state's welfare allotment by 5 per cent if job targets aren't met. Don't be surprised if they are.

—Ed Rubenstein

A Shortage of Jobs . . . or Job-Seekers?

	AFDC Recipients (millions)	Labor Force Participation Rates: Age 16–19 White	Age 16–19 Black	Age 20+ White	Age 20+ Black
1960	3.0	55.9%	57.6%	86.0%	86.2%
1970	8.5	57.5	47.4	82.8	81.4
1980	10.8	63.7	43.2	79.8	75.1
1990	11.7	59.4	40.6	78.3	73.8
1994	14.1	57.7	40.8	77.3	72.5
1995	13.0	58.5	40.1	77.1	72.5

Source: Social Security Administration; BLS.

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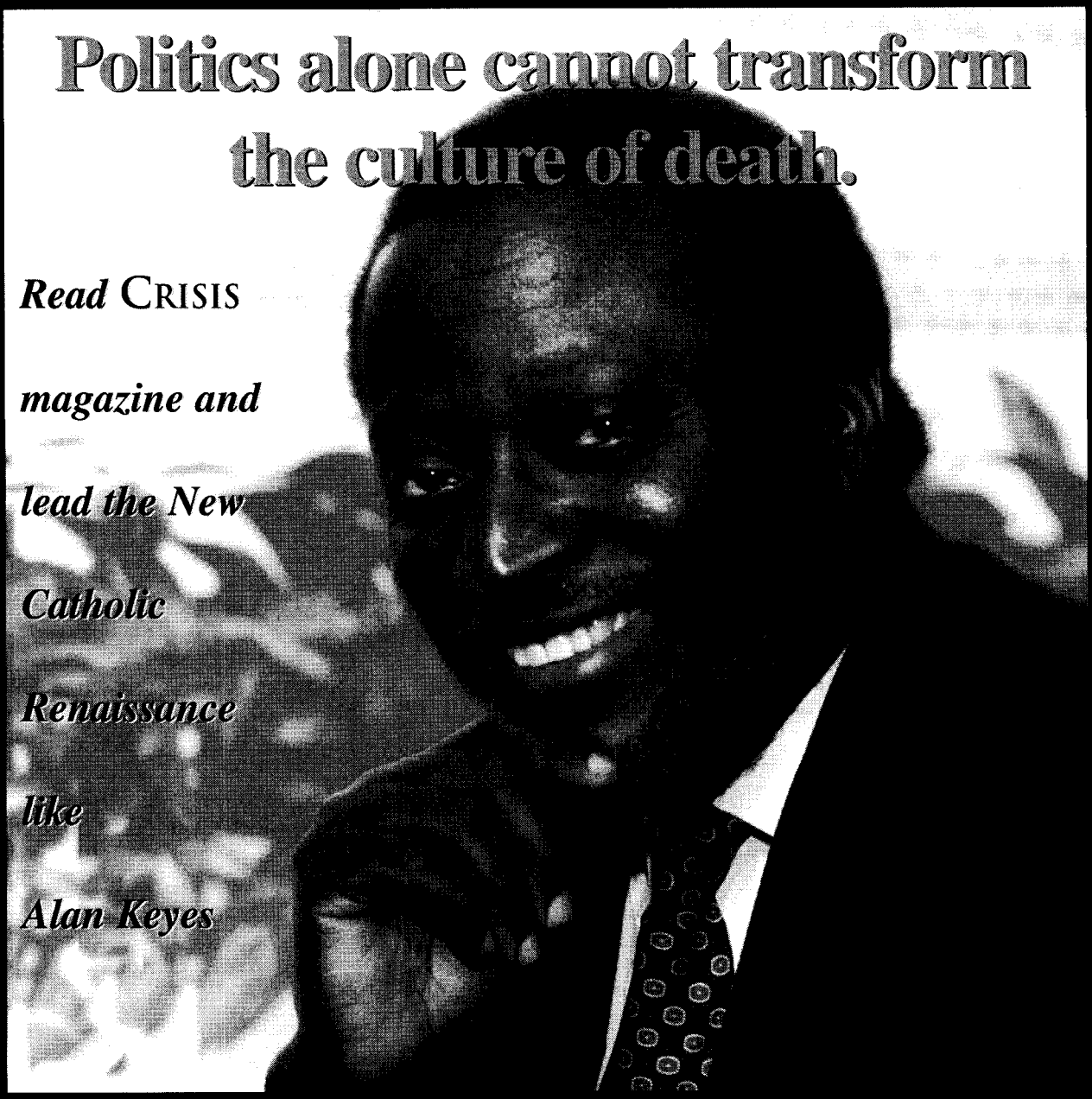

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Politics, Culture and the Church

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Pity the President

Please remember Richard Jewell
And King Wenceslaus, whose fuel
Wasn't hosed from Texaco,
When Bill Clinton stubs a toe.
Throw in Dreyfus, what the hell—
Becket, too. Joyeux Noël.

—W. H. VON DREELE

embarrassment for critical race theorists." Simpson after all was not a non-violent offender. "Yet it is also something of a vindication for them, [for it] confirmed one of the central descriptive claims of critical race theory: that perceptions are racially contingent, and that a jarring gap in perceptions between whites and blacks can no longer be denied." Especially if the gap is widened by shameless lawyers like Johnnie Cochran and unreproved by weak judges like Lance Ito.

If Mr. Simpson is found guilty of wrongful death, he will be impoverished for life. Is that enough? The Los Angeles District Attorney's office is reportedly considering charging him with perjury. Should not the U.S. Justice Department prosecute him for depriving Nicole Simpson and Ronald Goldman of their civil rights? Satisfying as this might be, it raises the specter of double jeopardy. Ideally a man should have to defend himself (against all the relevant evidence) only once. But if we have a judicial system misshapen by its own formalism and by incorrigibly racist jurors, then we must try to wring justice out of it, even at the expense of black celebrity criminals. If Mr. Simpson escapes further prosecution for fear that blacks might riot, then the Crits truly rule.

All such efforts, however, are mere expedients to deal with the crisis of law in general and the jury system in particular in a society increasingly divided by race and culture. See "Strangers-in-Law" below.

Memo to: 105th Congress

THREE weeks after election day, U.S. District Judge Thelton Henderson blocked enforcement of Proposition 209. With a straight face, Judge Henderson observed that no court should "lightly upset the expectations of the voters." He then proceeded to upset them for the (to him, weighty) reason that opponents of 209 had "demonstrated a probability of success" in efforts to overturn it, should it be enforced. Anyone who ever argued a constitutional case before a court, from Thurgood Marshall back to Daniel Webster, wasted his breath. Courts, it now seems, can decide such points ahead of time.

We are back to the early Republic, when the Constitutional Convention debated a proposal (by James Madison) that Congress have the power to veto state laws it deemed unconstitutional. The delegates rejected this, but we would have been better off had it passed. Congressmen, unlike judges, can be voted out of office.

For heaven's sake, where are Trent Lott and Newt Gingrich? Why their silence? They and their 105th Congress have an assignment: to pass a federal version of Proposition 209 (call it the American Civil Rights Initiative). The courts have been historically much more reluctant to tangle with Congress than with the states. If President Clinton tries to veto the measure, and congressional Democrats vote to sustain him, the GOP will pick up a hundred seats in 1998.

Second assignment: impeach Judge Henderson. If one branch of government does not know how to keep its place, another must instruct it.

Strangers-in-Law

IN Lincoln, Nebraska, a man is on trial for forcing his 13- and 14-year-old daughters to marry men twice their age. He is charged with sexual abuse, his wife with contributing to the delinquency of a minor, and the two "bridegrooms" with rape. All face heavy prison sentences, and all are reportedly astonished at the charges. For they are Iraqi Muslims conforming to their traditional custom of early and arranged marriages. The *New York Times* reports that this is merely one of a rash of cases where "multiculturalism" clashes with legal and constitutional rights (i.e., with American culture, though the *Times* is not so insensitive as to put it that way).

As such it is causing progressive people to perform wondrous ideological contortions. Doriane Lambelet Coleman, who "writes about multiculturalism and the courts," thinks that "we have to have a sensitivity to pluralism and multiculturalism," but also that "on the other hand, there are some real core American values that must be protected, such as liberty for women and children," so you cannot "allow the legal system to treat immigrant defendants differently" because that would mean "giving the victims less protection," but maybe the best compromise is that immigrant "defendants should not be sentenced as harshly as Americans born here."

But her dilemma—and ours—is a real one: a choice between doing a particular injustice to the Iraqis (who were encouraged to think that they could live in America as Iraqis) and administering an across-the-board inequality of sentencing on the medieval lines of "benefit of clergy." The country is drifting toward the second course. As early as 1987 a Chinese immigrant was put on probation for murdering his unfaithful wife.

We doubt, frankly, that wife-murder is a hallowed cus-

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tom of Chinese culture; but the mild sentence is certainly an indication that a multiplicity of cultures weakens the hold that American values exert over us. They inevitably seem less natural and more arbitrary—hence harder to enforce on ourselves as well as on others. A modest infusion of cultural diversity enriches a society, because it can be absorbed; but a massive infusion undermines it.

Some conservatives have tried to argue that multiculturalism is an upper-class American invention unrelated to mass immigration and the many cultures it has imported. In fact, it is a mistaken but understandable response to that reality. Without the large-scale immigration that makes it seem plausible, even necessary, to many fair-minded Americans, multiculturalism would be just another silly academic theory like post-structuralism. The same conservatives generally support the idea of America as an idea—a set of abstract legal and constitutional principles sheltering people of every race and culture—rather than a specific people with a specific culture. Actually, that theory is the mother of multiculturalism, since it tells people that they can retain another culture provided they conform to American law. In fact, they can't. Law grows out of culture and is buttressed by it. Destroy our common culture, and the common law will soon crumble.

The Mess at the INS

"MANIPULATING numbers is misconduct. I will not allow that on my watch." Immigration and Naturalization Service Commissioner Doris Meissner spoke those words last summer in response to allegations that the Border Patrol was falsifying reports of illegal-alien apprehensions in order to support the Clinton Administration's claim that Operation Gatekeeper, its border-control strategy in San Diego, is working. The charges—that agents were directed to release busloads of illegal aliens into Mexico without processing them, to turn off ground sensors used to monitor illegal-alien movements, and to alter intelligence reports to reflect fewer attempts at illegal entry—are currently being investigated by the Office of the Inspector General of the Department of Justice. But this is just one in a string of scandals that has plagued the INS over the last year.

In the spring—just as Congress was debating reduction of legal immigration—Mrs. Meissner announced that immigration levels had declined in 1995. She did not mention that the "decline" was the result of a backlog in the INS, or that her agency's own projections showed immigration increasing by 41 per cent in 1996. No matter. Her announcement had its intended effect of giving immigration enthusiasts in Congress (including Republicans) just what they needed to kill reform.

In June, the OIG released a report documenting INS efforts to deceive a Congressional Task Force visiting INS facilities in Miami. The OIG found that immigration inspectors and supervisors were brought into Miami International Airport on overtime to increase staffing levels on the day of the visit, and that about a third of the aliens being held in the detention facility were either transferred or *released* before the Task Force's arrival, including at least nine criminals. OIG officials had to hire computer experts to retrieve INS documents that had been destroyed and to compel hostile INS officials to testify.

Worst of all, the INS, under Administration pressure to "produce a million new citizens before election day," granted citizenship to thousands of ineligible immigrants (see *NR*, Nov. 11, p. 8). In the rush, INS employees ignored evidence of fraud and, in many cases, failed to process FBI record checks. The result, according to the FBI, is that murderers, rapists, child molesters, and other upstanding citizens became . . . citizens.

The Week in Verse

At last from harsh elect'ral cares released,
The *Clintons* toured the newly rich *Far East,*
To meet and greet in nations overseas
Friends of their country's—and the *DNC's.*
With *Indonesian* and *Filipino*
They feel at home. At home there's *Janet Reno*
To stop inquiries ere they start to spread—
Lest *Hill'ry* wear a bag upon her head.
For counsel of *Riady's Bill's* indebted,
But more for no counsel (how he'd have sweated!)
Appointed to look into that nabob—
Now may th'attorney gen'ral keep her job?

But hark! There's rumor wafting from afar
Suggesting something's coming from *Ken Starr*—
Though no one knows (some say it's dynamite)
For sure just whom he's ready to indict.
You'd say there's nothing to it, were't not
That *Carville* with each day becomes more hot
To trash th'investigation and the man
As that most frightful thing: a *partisan*!
No partisan himself, fairness his goal
And right—and *O. J.* never beat *Nicole.*
Not *Bill* himself this righteous wrath can stop
Or make the *Cajun* his crusade to drop,
Though he himself would wish to be more civil
And doubts that *Starr's* the nephew of the *Devil*—
Perhaps is even not entirely scum.
But when it's time to make the pardons come
Will people say, "Oh well, and why not let him?
It's clear those *partisans* were out to get him"?

Thanksgiving past, our prospects grew more dim
With news of the demise of *Tiny Tim.*
Here was th'example *Clinton* might have found
For what he wished: *compassion* all year round!
His own compassion he expects to rally
For all mankind—except for *Boutros-Ghali*!

—JUVENAL

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Even if Mrs. Meissner did not actively participate in these activities, she has repeatedly shown her inability to rein in her employees or to stop the INS from becoming a Clinton campaign tool. She must go.

The Deep Green Sea

ON June 25, 1990, *NR* reported that oceanographers had managed—by adding the merest trace of iron to nutrient-rich but mineral-poor seawater from mid-ocean—to more than double the mass of plankton living there; twice as much plankton consumes twice as much carbon dioxide. *NR* hoped that this modest observation could, if scaled up from a flask of seawater to the surface of an ocean, become a means of reversing the build-up of CO_2 that is the silent corollary of the growth of industrial civilization.

After six years of research, ashore and at sea, the jury of peer review has declared the iron hypothesis proved by large-scale experiment: dispersing a few sacksful of iron salts over a hundred square miles of blue water caused it literally to grow green for a week. In the October 10, 1996, issue of *Nature*, scientists note that "If the Southern Ocean can be similarly influenced, changes to iron supply there could lower the atmospheric CO_2 concentration by 6 to 21 per cent."

The quantity of iron needed is manageably small: about a dozen shiploads a week. Although some of it could be usefully seeded from existing sea lanes, the ancillary fleet of smaller vessels required to cover the remaining expanses of ocean might number in the thousands. But even a ten-billion-dollar running cost would be a pittance compared to the trillion-dollar displacements arising from even a partial ban on global combustion. Given the potential long-term rewards it merits serious analysis. A 6 per cent reduction would be tantamount to disinventing the automobile, and a 21 per cent cut would roll back CO_2 to where it was when the greenhouse effect was first postulated. And what an edifying spectacle—sea lions barking their applause as the iron-sulfate mother ship, *Exxon Valdez II*, heads out to spread the run-off from the Rustbelt across the deep blue sea.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: All readers
From: WFB

After forty years, we are moving from 150 East 35th Street. It is quite heartbreaking, notwithstanding the unpleasant things that have been said about our present quarters, even by some of our oldest friends and associates, e.g., Hoover Institution scholar Arnold Beichman. He wrote in a column for the *Washington Times* a year ago, "Perhaps one reason NATIONAL REVIEW had a relatively good economic year is that its offices are the dingiest, bleakest, and most overcrowded of any major publication I know of, including that of the Editor-in-Chief. I know of the Black Hole of Calcutta only by reputation, but I am sure it would seem spacious compared to the second floor of an apartment building at 150 East 35th Street, New York City, where the magazine has lived all these years." It may be a black hole, but there are those who have loved it.

But moving has meant exploring deep cellars, where we found stashed copies of three of my own books it makes sense for us to part with, sadly, yet lovingly. They will be sent to you directly—or as a gift from you to anyone you wish to give books to as a Christmas present—for, in effect, handling cost: five dollars.

They are: 1) *Gratitude: Reflections on What We Owe to Our Country* (Random House, 1990. Named by the *New York Times* as among the 250 best books of the year).

2) *Atlantic High: A Celebration* (Doubleday, 1982. "With his deep, almost mystical love of the sea and his abiding respect for it, Buckley has produced a heartwarming, moving, and often hilarious mix of happenings, flashbacks, and excitement."—David Niven).

3) *Racing through Paradise: A Pacific Passage* (Random House, 1987. "Buckley and his band have such a good time that they are 'melancholy to make their final landfall and see the voyage end.' Readers can only share that sentiment as they approach the last page."—*Time* Magazine).

The two sailing books are wonderfully illustrated and were best-sellers. The offer is good only until Christmas. If there are books then left over, we will hoard them and sell them 25 years from now as great relics, for tons of money.

Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a new subscriber, I must say that I enjoy your magazine very much. However, one of your regular features, "The Week," has me a bit confused. Since yours is a bi-weekly publication, does "The Week" cover only one of the two weeks since the last issue? If so, which week do you cover: the first, the second, or the more newsworthy of the two? Or do you opt for this title to avoid less catchy alternatives like "The Fortnight" or "The Two Weeks"?

Just curious,
Joel Smith
Columbia Falls, Me.

Dear Mr. Smith: Nice point. But you see, we began (1955–57) as a weekly magazine. Inevitably, we took to thinking of the period since we last went to press as "the week," much as the sovereign, in Great Britain, tends to think of June as the month he/she was born in, if you see what I mean. Cordially, **—WFB**

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CAPITAL SCENE

The Big Sleazy?

RICH LOWRY

Roman Genn

NEW ORLEANS

BOB Tucker, dressed down in a "New Orleans" sweatshirt and blue jeans, looks every bit the satisfied civic booster. Plaques on his office wall from civic and business groups tout his service and accomplishments; in one picture he beams as he stands next to President Clinton. Tucker is indeed emblematic of success, Big Easy style: he's best friends with the mayor; his business looks to be benefiting handsomely from the connection; and he is plugged into a political machine that demonstrated its clout with a clean sweep on November 5, delivering everything from local judgeships to the scalp of Republican senatorial candidate Woody Jenkins.

Tucker helped run the election campaign of his long-time friend Mayor Marc Morial and has contributed thousands of dollars to its coffers. In New Orleans, this makes him uniquely qualified as a city contractor. Tucker has won roughly $800,000 worth of contracts from the Morial administration. In the case of one housing study, according to the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, Tucker came in with the second-highest of six bids, won the contract anyway, got paid 50 per cent more than he had originally bid, then produced a laughable document that drew the scorn of federal housing officials.

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

If Mayor Morial obeys the first rule of machine politics (reward your friends), he also, with the help of lieutenants like Tucker, obeys the second: turn out your vote. New Orleans politics is dominated by a handful of black political organizations with acronyms like BOLD and SOUL; the mayor's is called LIFE. "The organization is a very disciplined street organization," Tucker explains. "What we do is handle it in almost military fashion in terms of the planning of it. I've always contended that the one thing you can control in politics is your election-day activity and how that event rolls out."

How exactly November 5 rolled out may be the focus of scrutiny for quite some time. Republican U.S. Senate candidate Woody Jenkins alleges a series of irregularities that tipped his contest to Democrat Mary Landrieu by 5,788 votes. His campaign has yet to produce hard evidence of fraud. What's clear is that on November 5 a political machine not noted for its scruples (see contracting practices above) pulled out all the stops to win in an environment flush with gambling money, in a state where corruption is endemic, in a blitzkrieg fashion that makes Ralph Reed look like an organizational amateur.

The operational style of LIFE and other groups isn't so much retail as five-and-dime. Phone banks identify sympathetic voters precinct by precinct; then it's a matter of getting them to the polls. The mayor's political appointees and paid election workers met on November 5 at a New Orleans church, split up into teams armed with cellular phones, and fanned out across the city, waving signs at intersections, knocking on doors. "Runners" periodically checked the vote totals at each precinct. If turnout was low, phone banks would make directed calls into that particular precinct, or "blitz teams" would be dispatched to bang on doors.

"Down here," explains Tucker, "we can tell by about three o'clock whether we won or lost an election." By early afternoon on November 5 exit polls showed Mary Landrieu trailing Woody Jenkins by about 4 points. So, Miss Landrieu piled into the back of a red convertible with Morial for a final push through the New Orleans projects. "We hooked up a motorcade to go through those areas where we knew there to be pro-Landrieu vote," Tucker says. The parade would briefly stop, workers in surrounding vehicles would jump out to pound on doors in a six-to-seven-block area, then the motorcade would reassemble and move on to the next neighborhood.

When it was all over Mary Landrieu had narrowly won, on the strength of a whopping 100,000 margin in New Orleans. It was a triumph of organization, of work—and of money. Street politics in New Orleans doesn't happen without it. "The way the system works," says long-time New Orleans political consultant Jim Carvin, "is that you approach a candidate or people who are supporting an issue and say, 'We have met and we have decided to support you. This is our [sample] ballot which we are going to distribute in our neighborhood (or to all voters across the city), and your share of the cost of the ballot is *X* per cent.' " If the candidate or organization doesn't cough up the cash, the endorsement may never materialize.

A machine not noted for its scruples pulled out all the stops in an environment flush with gambling money.

"It's very important, you've got to have money to feed the troops and give them a little stipend out there," says one black politician. "If you don't pay them, they don't show up." This year a ready source of money would have been the

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Louisiana gambling interests, caught up in recent scandals involving mob ties and bribes to state legislators. These interests were banking heavily on black support to help win a series of local-option elections across the state. There is a prohibition on gambling interests contributing to candidates or groups that support candidates—but, so what? "We had most groups come to us asking for money," says a spokesman for Harrah's, the New Orleans land-based casino. (Harrah's says it made no contributions.)

But gambling interests could spend freely on their own campaigns and get-out-the-vote efforts. Estimates of spending statewide are in the $8-million range, with some of that filtering onto the street in New Orleans. Campaign-finance documents show a $125,000 street effort by the casinos, modest by New Orleans standards, but part of the mix of hyperactive street machine and free-flowing gambling money in which the Jenkins camp alleges that improprieties occurred.

"We think that the other side panicked and that a lot of things happened that probably shouldn't happen," says Jenkins. Proving it under Louisiana law is another matter. The election code stipulates that an election challenge must be filed on or before the ninth day after an election. The trial must begin four days after that. It's an impossible schedule, especially considering that Jenkins was denied access to New Orleans election records until the day before his challenge was due.

As a result, Jenkins dropped his challenge in state court, but vows to take it to the U.S. Senate (which is the ultimate arbiter of its own membership). The Jenkins campaign has been poring through voter-registration cards, comparing the signatures on them to the signatures on the sign-in sheets on election day; mismatches could mean someone other than the registered voter showed up at the polls. Establishing real mismatches—signatures change over time—is a speculative business. Nonetheless the Jenkins campaign contends it has found some 440 after a search through less than 2 per cent of the state's precincts. The campaign has also found a discrepancy between the number of votes recorded on voting machines and the number of people who signed in on election day; this discrepancy could mean as many as 1,500 "phantom votes" (possible explanations run from innocent human error to someone ringing up extra votes on the machines).

None of this makes for a particularly strong case, and in Louisiana many Republicans who are convinced as a matter of faith that Jenkins was robbed are at the same time skeptical that he'll be able to prove it. Finding hard evidence among the projects of New Orleans has been difficult. The Jenkins camp suspects massive "vote-hauling" in New Orleans (illegally paying drivers to take people to the polls), but has turned up its hardest evidence in rural areas. One teller at a bank in Coushatta, La., reports that a woman cashed a $50 check from the Democratic Party on November 5 and explained that it was given "to me to haul my kind of people to vote." Two other $50 checks from the party showed up the next day.

Jenkins investigators in inner-city New Orleans say they regularly hear stories of people voting multiple times, of poll commissioners pulling the lever for candidates during slack times at the polls, of people voting on behalf of dead voters. (The federal motor voter law, which requires the states to leave "inactive" voters on the rolls, creates opportunities for this kind of malfeasance.) But sworn affidavits from witnesses are hard to come by, and the campaign has been reluctant to provide evidence it has gathered to reporters. One Jenkins investigator swears to an interview with a resident of the city's 9th ward who was disgruntled because he hadn't been paid his promised $3,700. A local judicial candidate then called and allegedly threatened the resident if he continued to talk. (In a separate incident, New Orleans police were called to the law office of one local judicial candidate on November 7 when 20 to 25 campaign workers showed up demanding to be paid; they were referred to one of the street organizations.)

In Louisiana, where even the election code talks of "a long-standing history of election problems," Jenkins's allegations, even if nebulous, deserve attention. For his part, Mayor Morial is dismissive. The natty-looking 38-year-old with a football player's build has a world-conquering handshake and sports red suspenders nearly two inches wide. Asked about Jenkins's charges, he grimaces: "His whole rhetoric, the whole approach, the whole attitude smacks of Nazism." Were $50 checks handed out to "volunteers" on election day? "That's not uncommon, that's not illegal," Morial says. "I call that true red-white-and-blue American politics." It behooves the Senate to find out exactly what else qualifies as all-American in New Orleans. □

The Ethician's Ethics

MARK R. LEVIN

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ON August 31, 1954, a special Senate committee considered a resolution to censure Senator Joseph McCarthy for allegedly unethical behavior toward the United States Senate. Among the charges against McCarthy was contempt of the Senate or a senatorial committee. On December 2, 1954, the Senate approved a "Resolution of Censure." It stated: "[McCarthy] acted contrary to senatorial ethics and tended to bring the Senate into dishonor and disrepute, to obstruct the constitutional processes of the Senate, and to impair its dignity."

Isn't House Minority Whip David Bonior guilty of this same conduct in his relentless two-year campaign to drive Speaker Newt Gingrich from office? Consider these facts:

In April 1995 *The American Spectator* reported:

> In November [1994], [Rep. Ben] Jones [a Democrat who had just lost his campaign to unseat Gingrich from Congress] and Bonior met to plan the next step in their offensive [against Gingrich].
>
> "David [Bonior] and I used to play a lot of basketball together [at the House gym], so I know him personally," says Jones. "What I told him was, 'This complaint is serious, it's substantive, and we need to stay on this thing . . .' He said, 'Go for it.'"
>
> And they did. On November 28, Bonior wrote a letter to the ethics committee passing on more of Jones's complaints about Gingrich's [college] course. . . .

On April 27, 1995, the *Wall Street Journal* reported:

> A loose coalition of left-leaning opera-

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tives is now engaged in an effort to pressure the House Ethics Committee to act against the Speaker and otherwise sully his name. Everybody involved denies bearing a grudge against the man who brought down the Democrats; their only concern, they say, is ethics. Still, the crusade shows how the ethics process, intended to be a nonpartisan way for Congress to police itself, has become a political weapon. . . .

Involved in the get-Newt effort are about two dozen individuals and organizations, some more actively than others. They include the Democratic National Committee, the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, House members and aides, political consultants, Common Cause, groups aligned with Ralph Nader, two defeated Gingrich opponents and the House's former top lawyer.

"We don't have anybody out there digging stuff up," says . . . Bonior. . . . Still, his office has become a clearinghouse for negative Gingrich information. Tips flow from across the country and overseas . . .

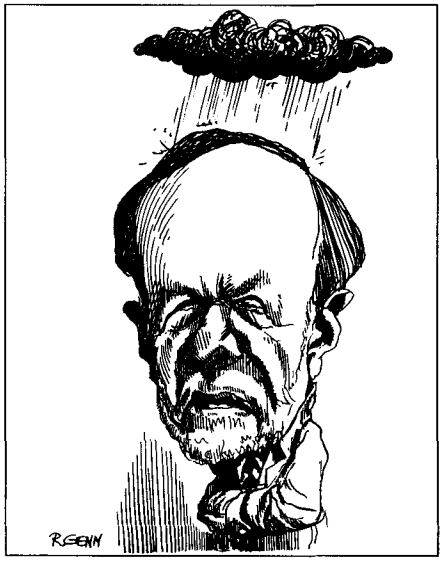
Bonior's ethics campaign against Gingrich has resulted in the filing of 75 charges with the House Ethics Committee, all but one of which was dismissed. The remaining charge involves a college course Gingrich taught. As the *Detroit News* put it: "Gingrich stands charged with using taxpayer money to engage in political lobbying. Democrats say he was trying to promote Republican policies when he taught a course on western civilization at Kennesaw State College in Georgia. Yet the course was approved by the school's president, a Democrat; praised by Carter Administration official Bert Lance; and included fulsome praise of Rep. John Lewis—one of Gingrich's most vocal critics in the House—and Max Cleland [Democratic Senator-elect] from Georgia." Nevertheless, Bonior falsely characterizes this remaining charge as one involving "money laundering . . . tax fraud [and] campaign violations . . ."

Unlike former Speaker Jim Wright, who resigned for using a sham book deal to evade income limits on congressmen, Gingrich's alleged transgression is the legal equivalent of jaywalking. And unlike Bonior—who, only a few years ago, manipulated the House anti-nepotism rule by placing his fiancee on his personal congressional payroll and increasing her salary more than 20 per cent just weeks before marrying her to avoid hiring and salary-cap requirements—Gingrich's conduct clearly was not motivated by greed.

Nevertheless, thanks to Bonior's relentless campaign for an "outside counsel" to investigate the college-course charge—with the obvious intent of bringing disproportionate investigative resources and media attention to the allegation—the House Ethics Committee capitulated.

What motivates Bonior? Well, Gingrich brought the original ethics charges against Wright. And Bonior, in large measure, owes Wright for his quick climb up the House Democratic leadership ladder. (Even since leaving the House, Wright has continued supporting Bonior. In 1992 he contributed to Bonior's re-election campaign.)

Recently, Bonior has intensified his attacks on the Ethics Committee. Less than sixty days before the November 5 election, Bonior demanded that the Committee release an interim report completed by its outside counsel. He



Roman Genn

helped orchestrate speeches on the House floor demanding the report's release. Obviously, Bonior hoped to convince the public that the Committee—divided equally between Republicans and Democrats—was covering up for Gingrich when, in fact, it was deliberating.

Moreover, House Rules prohibit the filing of ethics complaints against House members seeking re-election in the sixty days prior to an election. The rule is intended to prevent the ethics process from becoming politicized by challengers seeking to influence the voters. By waiting until *less* than sixty days prior to the November 5 election to spring his cover-up charge, Bonior politicized the ethics process, thereby violating the spirit of the sixty-day rule.

And Bonior hoped by his last-minute tactics to influence the outcome not only of Gingrich's race, but of Rep. Nancy Johnson's re-election bid as well. Johnson is the Republican chairman of the House Ethics Committee. Not coincidentally, her Democratic opponent used Bonior's attacks against the Committee in his effort to unseat Rep. Johnson. He came within a few hundred votes of doing just that.

This raises several questions, among them: Why is Bonior so confident that the interim report is harmful to Gingrich? Have any Committee members revealed the report's findings to Bonior? If so, this is a clear violation of House Rule 9. It states: "Committee members and staff shall not disclose any evidence relating to an investigation to any person or organization outside the Committee unless authorized by the Committee, nor shall any evidence in the possession of an investigative subcommittee be disclosed to Committee members who are not members of the subcommittee prior to the filing of a Statement of Alleged Violation with the Committee."

The outside counsel's interim report was presented to such an investigative subcommittee, where it remains. Moreover, a Statement of Alleged Violation has *not* been presented to the Committee by the subcommittee. Therefore, the report must not be shared with anyone outside the subcommittee, including Bonior, who is not even a member of the Committee. Perhaps Committee investigators should ask Bonior, under oath, whether he received confidential information.

House Rule 43, clause 1, states: "A Member, officer, or employee of the House of Representatives shall conduct himself at all times in a manner which shall reflect creditably on the House of Representatives." Bonior's abuse of the ethics process and the House Ethics Committee (which, after all, operates as a quasi-judicial entity) certainly does not "reflect creditably on the House of Representatives."

Joseph McCarthy was censured by his Senate colleagues for allegedly acting "contrary to senatorial ethics and tend[ing] to bring the Senate into dishonor and disrepute, to obstruct the constitutional processes of the Senate, and to impair its dignity." If this is the standard for censure, has not Bonior easily met it? □

Mr. Levin is president of Landmark Legal Foundation and a contributing editor of NR.

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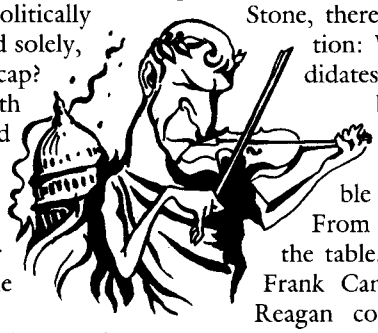
BREAD & CIRCUSES

REPUBLICAN supporters of abortion rights delight the media every four years by raising a ruckus over the party's pro-life stance. But can they make a credible case that it is political poison? Your favorite magazine recently sponsored a Capitol Hill debate on this very question. Not: Is the GOP's pro-life plank morally right? Not: Is it politically practicable? But simply and solely, Is it an electoral handicap? The best advocates on both sides were recruited, and they made their strongest arguments. The result was a spirited fight that your favorite moderator (silently) awarded to the pro-life team.



At the outset, however, the American Enterprise Institute's polling expert (and our umpire on public opinion) Karlyn Bowman presented a genuinely striking fact: public opinion on the abortion issue has been remarkably stable since 1972. A strong majority believes a woman should be able to choose abortion when her health is endangered but not in less threatening circumstances. A large majority believes that abortion is morally wrong, but also that it should be a choice in limited cases anyway. Mrs. Bowman explained that when people hold such seemingly contradictory views, their tendency is to withdraw from the debate. And, sure enough, in the last six national elections, abortion was the most important issue for only 7 to 13 per cent of voters. They favored the GOP. This November, a *Los Angeles Times* national poll found that 9 per cent of voters listed abortion as one of their top two concerns—and 60 per cent of them voted for Bob Dole. Furthermore, as Mrs. Bowman explained later in the debate, "the gender gap has many complex causes—abortion is not one of them."

In making their case that the pro-life position hurts Republicans, veteran GOP strategist Jim Pinkerton and abortion-rights activist Ann Stone argued that the abortion issue cost both Bush and Dole support in key states. Mr. Pinkerton declared that a party that loses states like California, Illinois, New York, Ohio, Michigan, and Pennsylvania in two consecutive national elections "is not fit for national leadership." But half these states have either GOP governors or senators who are pro-life. How come? According to Mrs. Stone, there is a simple explanation: Whereas pro-life candidates who lost were sunk by abortion, pro-choice candidates who lost "ran terrible campaigns."

From the pro-life side of the table, conservative activist Frank Cannon noted that the Reagan coalition of economic and social conservatives won three consecutive landslides. Again, how come? Survey data indicate the abortion issue helps Republicans by a 2 to 1 margin. Mr. Cannon sees the GOP split on abortion as a battle between GOP elites (including the campaign pros whom Mr. Pinkerton rightly notes agree with him) at odds with a rank and file of pro-life voters. He pointed out that William Weld, a "hero" to NARAL's Kate Michelman for his fight against the platform, lost the women's vote by 21 points in his Senate race; Jesse Helms only lost it by 1 point, and more importantly won his election.

Ann Stone dismisses the Reagan precedents on the grounds that the politics of abortion changed radically in 1989 with the Supreme Court's *Webster* decision upholding certain restrictions on abortion. As it happens, a large majority favors such restrictions. But for Mrs. Stone, as for many pro-choicers, this objection misses the point. They believe that the issue confronting Republicans is less about abortion than about women's status: whether the GOP wants to "relegate women back to the kitchen."

Let's call it the misogyny thesis (with apologies to Florence King). At any rate, syndicated columnist (and *NR* alumna) Maggie Gallagher rejected it, citing a May 1996 Yankelovich survey which found that 60 per cent of women believe abortion ought to be either illegal or far more restricted. Polls indicate that the most pro-choice group is young men between the ages of 18 and 35. (Not a great surprise: sex without responsibility has a natural appeal to young men.) But in the light of the historic takeover of Congress, the burden was on pro-choicers to prove that abortion had been a "terrible albatross" to the GOP.

Miss Gallagher argued that the politics of abortion in the GOP had little to do with the voting booth and everything to do with the relative power of economic and social conservatives inside the party. Social conservatives, with little to show for their 15-year investment in the GOP, are now facing a resurgence of the party's Rockefeller wing as GOP liberals fret that the abortion issue deprives the party of attractive candidates like Colin Powell.

BOTH sides, however, have to come to terms with the ignorance of the voters. In her post-election analysis Kellyanne Fitzpatrick had found that 55 per cent of voters (and the same percentage of women voters) believe that abortion should be either illegal or available only in cases of rape, incest, or to save the life of the mother—the operative GOP position. Only 11 per cent of voters believe that abortion should be legal at any time for any reason—Bill Clinton's position. Yet only a small minority of voters can match the party and the issue correctly.

Where Frank Cannon and Maggie Gallagher score points is that the issue is far more important to pro-life than to pro-choice voters. Thirty per cent of pro-life voters believe the issue is "extremely important," while only 16 per cent of pro-choice voters give it high priority. And the voters most likely to be pro-life include key swing constituencies: surburban women, senior citizens, and union members. But if some pro-life voters are there for the asking, others have to be galvanized. The fact that 50 per cent of Clinton's voters held pro-life views shows Dole's failure to do so.

There is a legitimate and difficult argument over how best to advance the pro-life movement's goals. Is the Human Life Amendment the best vehicle, for instance? But the debate about whether abortion hurts the GOP ought now to be closed. □

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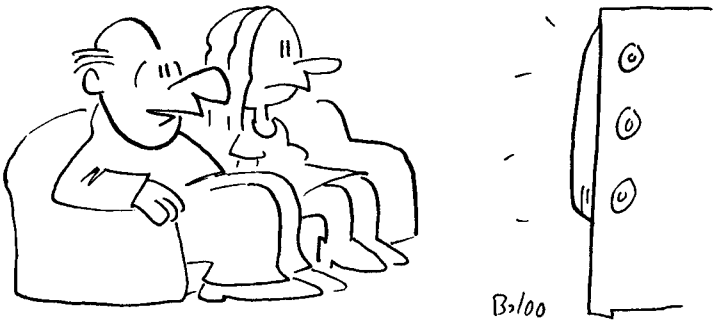
help !!!!

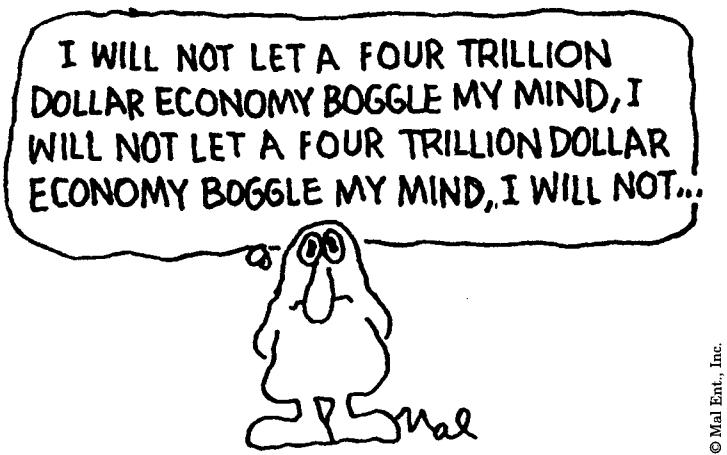
Now, the Great Conciliator

From Dracula to Hamlet
With barely time to change—
Then on to Daniel Webster;
Bill Clinton has a range
The Barrymores would savor,
While Ronald Reagan would
Have wired long-stemmed roses.
The guy is really good.

—W. H. VON DREELE

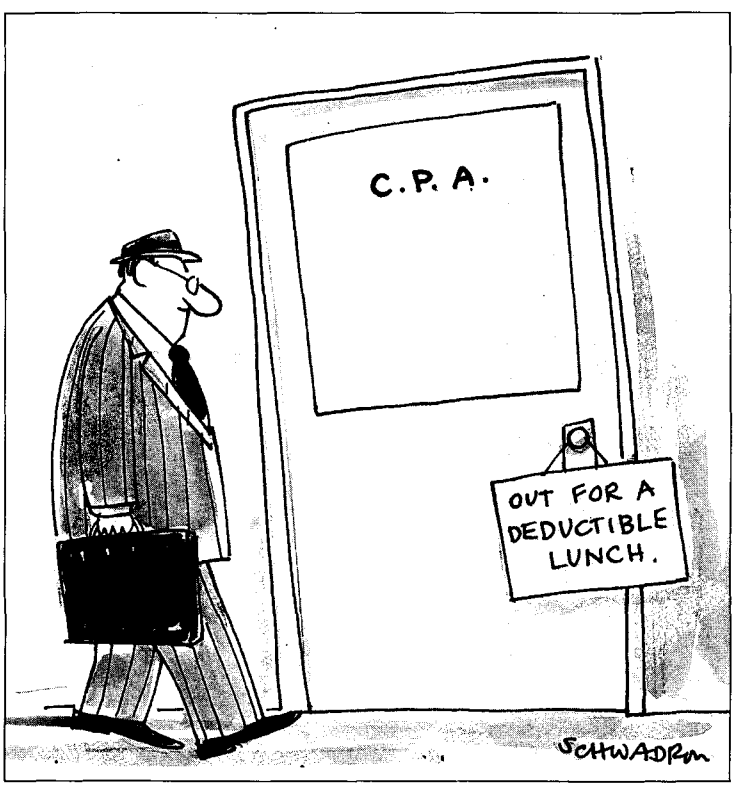


"I never thought I'd say this, but I miss George Bush's lips."


I WILL NOT LET A FOUR TRILLION DOLLAR ECONOMY BOGGLE MY MIND, I WILL NOT LET A FOUR TRILLION DOLLAR ECONOMY BOGGLE MY MIND, I WILL NOT...
Mal

© Mal Ent., Inc.

"He gets all the credit, and all we get are long hours, low pay, and a health plan that calls elfism a pre-existing condition."



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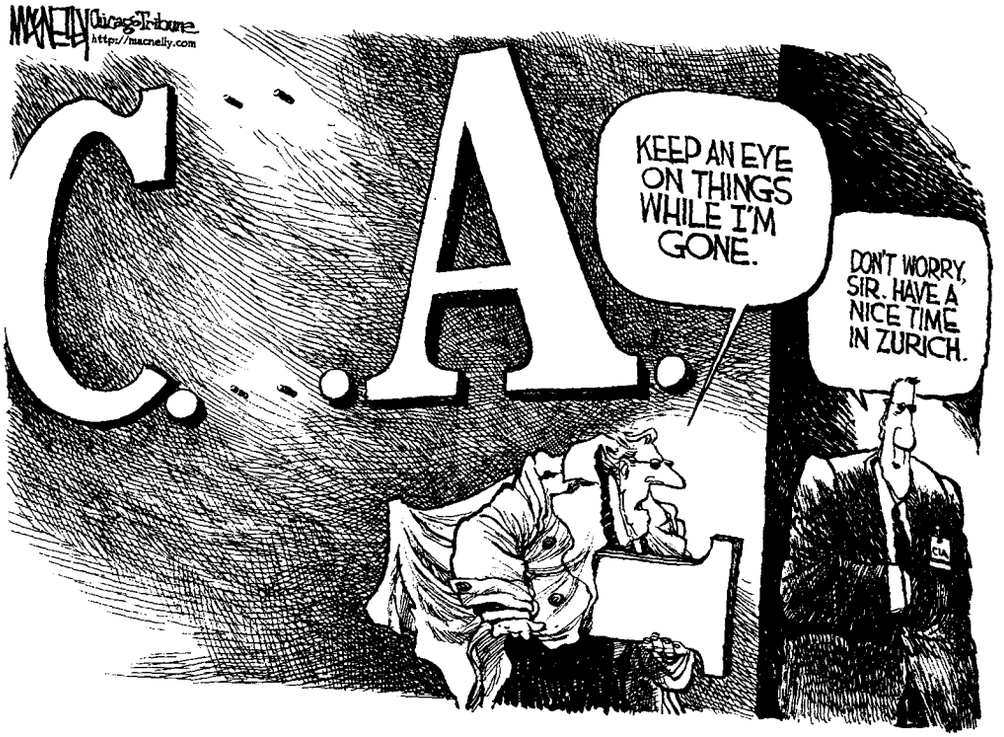
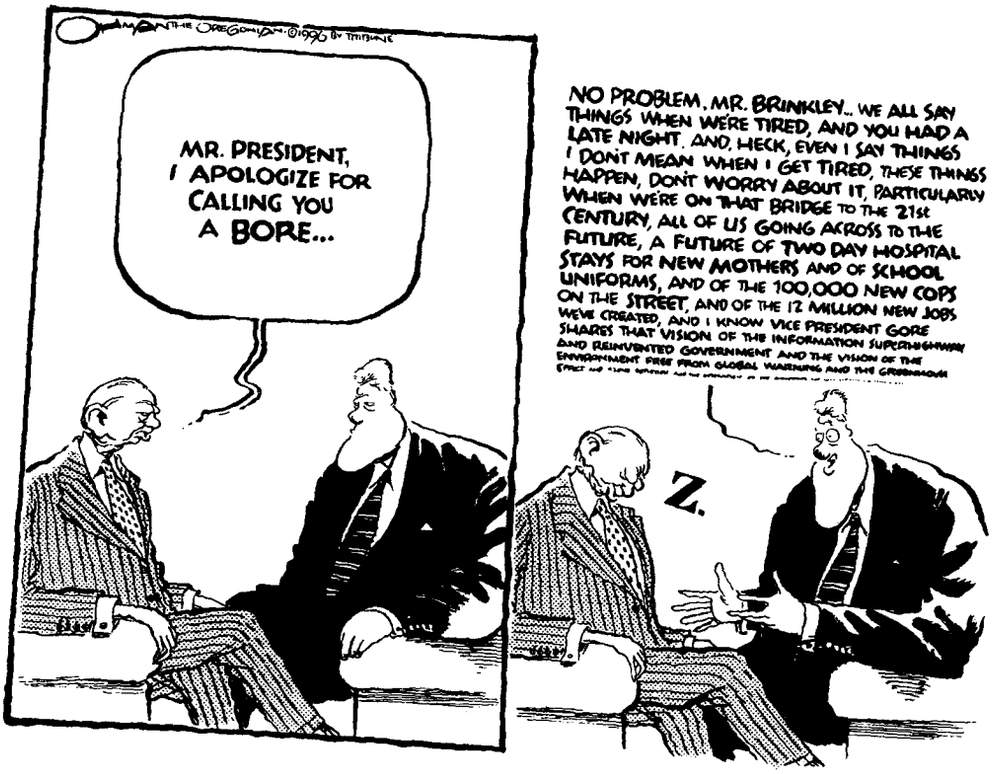

MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
http://macnelly.com
C.E.O.
KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS WHILE I'M GONE.
DON'T WORRY, SIR. HAVE A NICE TIME IN ZURICH.


MR. PRESIDENT, I APOLOGIZE FOR CALLING YOU A BORE...
NO PROBLEM, MR. BRINKLEY.. WE ALL SAY THINGS WHEN WE'RE TIRED, AND YOU HAD A LATE NIGHT. AND, HECK, EVEN I SAY THINGS I DON'T MEAN WHEN I GET TIRED, THESE THINGS HAPPEN, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, PARTICULARLY WHEN WE'RE ON THAT BRIDGE TO THE 21st CENTURY, ALL OF US GOING ACROSS TO THE FUTURE, A FUTURE OF TWO DAY HOSPITAL STAYS FOR NEW MOTHERS AND OF SCHOOL UNIFORMS, AND OF THE 100,000 NEW COPS ON THE STREET, AND OF THE 12 MILLION NEW JOBS WE'VE CREATED, AND I KNOW VICE PRESIDENT GORE SHARES THAT VISION OF THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY AND REINVENTED GOVERNMENT AND THE VISION OF THE ENVIRONMENT FREE FROM GLOBAL WARMING AND THE GREENHOUSE
Z.

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ON THE SCENE

Scorpion Battle

MARK ALMOND

MINSK

EVERY report in the Western media agrees that the ex-Soviet republic of Belarus is heading for dictatorship and that the democrats there should be supported. No one favors accepting the results of the November 24 referendum, which endorsed a big increase in the president's powers at the expense of the parliament (still called the Supreme Soviet).

At first sight, then, it is difficult to quarrel with the seemingly universal Western opinion that President Aleksandr Lukashenko is bad news. After all, he was a minor Communist functionary and claims Cheka and KGB men Feliks Dzerzhinsky and Yuri Andropov among his heroes. He is outspokenly nostalgic for the old Soviet Union. Since his election as president in 1994, he has campaigned tirelessly for the reintegration of the Evil Empire. Internally, he did not much like the old constitution; much of what this referendum was about was his attempt to introduce a more authoritarian version. (A surprisingly high number of the Belarussian people voted for it.)

However, while all of this is true, to conclude that Lukashenko's opponents are knights in white armor battling for democracy is very naïve.

The opposition to Lukashenko is concentrated in the Supreme Soviet, which was elected under dubious circumstances in 1995. When rebellious deputies last month defied the president, only a few, mainly elderly, protestors stood stoically in support of them. (Don't let close-up TV pictures give the impression of thousands.)

It was not difficult to see why young people—or skeptics of any age—found it difficult to associate the Supreme Soviet deputies with human rights and democracy. The opponents of the president are drawn from the continuing Communist Party and its rural offshoot, the Agrarians—not natural pluralists at the best of times.

When I saw their leader, Speaker Semyon Sharetsky, his classic apparatchik's jowls and small piercing eyes reminded me of Orwell's pigs in *Animal Farm*. In fact, that work keeps its relevance today: when one sees Western diplomats fawning on the apparatchiks turned human-rights activists, the scene is horribly reminiscent of the end of the novella, when farmers and pigs celebrate their newfound alliance while the rest of the animals are left outside in the cold.

To Western reporters, the opposition mouths the language of human rights; off camera, they admit that a power struggle is going on. They dislike Lukashenko because he is monopolizing power and will not share the rapidly shrinking Belarussian pie with them. This makes them very indignant, and their language shows it.

When Lukashenko's opponents denounce him, their comparisons are striking. For them, he is a latter-day Pinochet or even Hitler—stringers for the Western press scribble all this down—but oddly enough never a Communist tyrant. Of course, as members of an ongoing Communist Party, they still regard Lenin and Stalin as heroes.

While it is true that Lukashenko's own comparisons of himself with General de Gaulle in 1958 might not bear close scrutiny, they do indicate that he has broken free of the Communist pantheon of heroes—and villains.

Lukashenko's opponents have gotten a favorable hearing not only from the Western press, but also from Western governments. The State Department's Nicholas Burns has plunged into the debate on their side—which is where Clinton-watchers should smell a rat.

Last year, the first U.S. ambassador to Belarus, David Swartz, wrote a stinging attack on USAID policies in the former Soviet Union, using Belarus as a prime example. The two key American officials involved in misdirecting U.S. resources after 1991 were none other than Mr. Burns and his then-NSC boss, Tobi Gati. In the meantime, Mrs. Gati has come under fire for her generosity in sharing classified information with Washington's new friends in the former Soviet Union; Mr. Burns has been promoted. However, one of the Belarussian "democrats" Mr. Burns is now endorsing is Pyotr Kravchanka, then Belarus's first Foreign Minister—and before that the Communist boss of Minsk.

Like other members of the Communist elite of Minsk, Kravchanka seems to have been bitterly disappointed when the newly elected President Lukashenko, who came from the backwoods even by Belarussian standards, turned out to be less pliable than he had expected.

Conscious of his own popularity at the grassroots level (and his firm control of the security services), Lukashenko ditched his would-be patrons. They have fought back, but their appeals have been directed to foreign governments and busybody groups rather than to their countrymen. Since the referendum, all the opposition did at home was to insist that the president's supporters had massaged the "Yes" vote upward—though they admitted that their own level of 8 per cent was about right.

For Lukashenko's opponents, he is a latter-day Pinochet or even Hitler, but, oddly enough, never a Communist tyrant.

The failure of a popular opposition to emerge in Belarus is the real, big story of the present crisis. If the United States and her allies had tried to foster one, Lukashenko might have had to resort to strong-arming to stay in power.

Mr. Almond has observed four elections in Belarus since 1994 on behalf of the British Helsinki Human Rights Group.

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A few years ago it looked as if Belarus might develop like the neighboring Baltic republics. A Popular Front was established in the late 1980s which tried to articulate demands for independence. Its strength was always limited by the closeness between Belarussian and Russian culture. But its very existence was a promising sign. However, last year the Communist majority allowed Lukashenko to expel patriotic Belarussian politicians like Popular Front leader Zyanon Paznyak from the Supreme Soviet without protest. He lost his seat afterward and went into exile in the United States.

Paznyak's Popular Front was also a threat to the ex-Communists in Belarus. In fact, Lukashenko sounds almost conciliatory about Paznyak compared with the way the opposition rants against him. At a press conference, Lukashenko said that there were no charges against Paznyak and that he could return to Belarus.

This would alarm the Western-sponsored ex-Communist opposition. They are a group of chiefs without Indians. Paznyak has foot-soldiers willing to follow him. Even though the majority of Belarussians put their faith in Lukashenko still, if his economic miracle fails to materialize, then having Paznyak back in Belarus could stymie the old Communists' plans for a comeback.

Ironically, if anyone stands to gain in the long term from Lukashenko's policies, it may well be the Belarussian Popular Front. Lukashenko's old-style socialist economics is pushing his country further away from Russia's cutthroat capitalist economy. In my straw poll of Belarussian voters, many said they supported Lukashenko's referendum ruling out privatization of land because they were fearful of newly rich Russians buying it all up.

So long as he remains in exile, however, Paznyak will be marginalized in the continuing Belarussian crisis. This may suit the Clinton Administration, which has a weakness for supporting one ex-Communist over another, but it is bad for Belarus. Instead of backing Sharetsky and his *nomenklatura* crew against the former state farm director Lukashenko, we should be encouraging Paznyak to take Lukashenko at his word and return to his own country. That way, people there would have a real choice—and, given the chance, might even plump for the pro-Western one. □

Danger! Election Ahead

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Bonnie T. Gardner

LONDON

A STRIKING phenomenon of recent years has been the convergence of British and American politics. There is very little today (except the abortion issue, which has been raised by the Catholic hierarchy in Britain and has had, so far at least, no political effect) to distinguish a thoughtful young British Conservative from a conservative Republican. On the Left, "New Labour" is very much in the guise of American "New Democrats."

As Britain starts a five- or six-month runup, or crawlup, to a general election, Tony Blair, the Labour Party leader, is a keen student of Mr. Clinton's electoral tactics—although the spin-doctors are anxious that Mrs. Blair, a high-flying lawyer, not be identified with Hillary. It is being seriously suggested that George Stephanopoulos might come to Britain and mastermind Labour's campaign. This prospect is not universally welcomed by Labourites. Stephanopoulos once complained that, when he was at Oxford, haughty British members of his own college deliberately looked up at the trees to avoid greeting him when they passed in the quad; this sounds paranoid.

Blair's tactical objective is to make New Labour non-frightening. Centrist voters, who have given the Conservatives 16 years in power but are now vociferously disgruntled, have not been converted to socialism. "Time for a change," they say, but the change they

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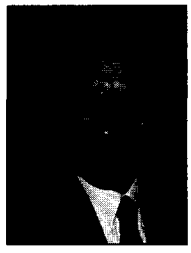
William F. Buckley Jr.

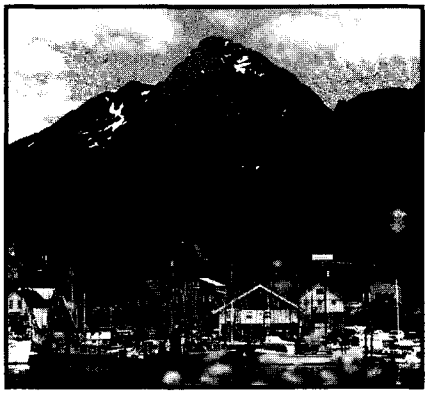


Milton Friedman

BY ED SKIMO
National Review Alaska Cruise Correspondent

(New York: Dec. 5) Your faithful correspondent—tanned and rested from *NR*'s smash Caribbean cruise last month—has returned to find breaking news about your favorite conservative magazine's spectacular 1997 Alaska Cruise: informed sources tell me there is already a "high and sustained volume in bookings" for the trip ("Over 80 cabins have been reserved so far," said one breathless sales representative), while and calls to *NR*'s Alaska Cruise Information Hotline are "heavy."

BIG *NOME* GUESTS JOINING BUCKLEY



As I reported in my last dispatch, the ***National Review* 1997 Alaska Cruise** will be an extraordinary opportunity for *NR* subscribers—plus their friends and family—to spend seven glorious days with Bill Buckley, John O'Sullivan, and *NR*'s Rick Brookhiser, Kate O'Beirne, Ed Capano, and Dusty Rhodes—and some very special guests: Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman, esteemed conservative jurist Robert Bork, ace political journalist Robert Novak, and rare Hollywood conservative Pat Sajak. Other leading conservatives have also been invited on *NR*'s lavish summer voyage to the "coolest" cruise vacation destination of the 90s.

YUKON COUNT ON "EXCEPTIONAL WEEK"

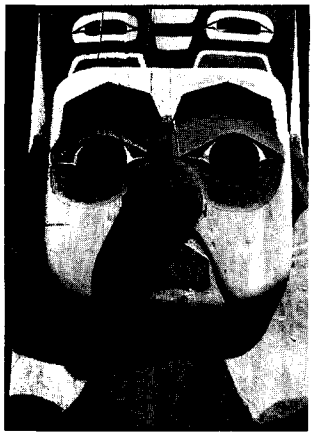
The ***National Review* 1997 Alaska Cruise** will set sail from Seward, Alaska, on August 10, 1997, cruise the enchanting College and Harriman Fjords, Glacier Bay National Park, and the glorious Inside Passage, visit the rustic and charming ports of Sitka and Ketchikan, plus Juneau, Alaska's capital city, and arrive in beautiful Vancouver, British Columbia, on August 17th.

NR Publisher Ed Capano—still glowing from the good cheer and great fun of *NR*'s "Post-Election" Cruise (attended by over 450 lucky subscribers, many who have *already* made plans to join *NR* in Alaska next year)—has deliberately scheduled the sail for mid-August. Not only does that fit into most people's "vacation" schedule, but August is also "peak" season for Alaska cruising (when temperatures are in the comfortable high 60s). "We expect an absolutely exceptional week," Capano said. "We couldn't have picked a better time to sail."

RYNDAM: ELEGANCE IN EVERY *NANOOK* AND CRANNY

The vessel for *NR*'s Alaska voyage is Holland America Line's award winning MS *Ryndam*—voted 1995 "Ship of the Year" by *Ocean and Cruise News* and renowned for its elegance, luxury staterooms, pampering service, gourmet meals, fabulous entertainment, and numerous extras. "If you take everything the *Ryndam* has to offer," said Capano "and you add in the exclusive seminars" (there will be several panel sessions—each allowing for significant "Q&A" time—featuring *NR* editors and special guests) "and cocktail receptions, and the *other* special events"—such as *NR*'s famous pool-side smokers featuring H. Upmann cigars—"that *NR* has designed, plus Alaska's unrivaled natural sights plus the beautiful ports we'll visit, plus the specialized land-tour deals we've negotiated, *plus* the big fare savings we're able to offer, then our subscribers can count on experiencing nothing less than seven awesome, affordable days of vacation and conservative revelry."

"INCREDIBLE DEAL" *BERING STRAIT* TO LUXURY CABINS



Capano confirmed that *National Review* has negotiated an "incredible deal" with Holland America, which has reserved—exclusively for *NR* subscribers—all the *Ryndam*'s available "luxury" staterooms and suites featuring private verandahs.

"Our subscribers demand the best, and that's what these cabins are," boasted Capano. "They provide people a special, private, front-row seat to

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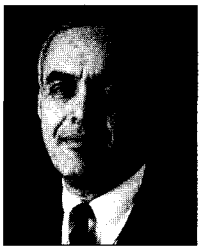
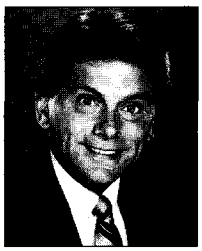
CRUISE RUSH!

FOR SPECTACULAR '97 VOYAGE

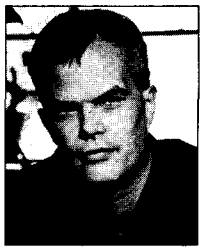
Robert Bork


Robert Novak


Pat Sajak

John O'Sullivan

Kate O'Beirne


Rick Brookhiser

the glaciers, fjords, and coastline of Alaska. Imagine having cocktails with your loved ones and friends on your private balcony, gazing out at the splendor and beauty of the Inside Passage, with eagles soaring above, whales splashing below. That's the kind of experience we'll be able to deliver." While some 128 verandah cabins were reserved exclusively for *NR*, many of them have already been booked (with the "Suite" category now sold out!). The magazine must release its hold on any remaining choice cabins ("*if* any are remaining," said Capano) by December 15th, 1996. Those wanting to reserve these first-come, first-served staterooms are advised to do so *immediately*.

At-Cost Tours Are No *Aleutian*

In a separate agreement, *NR* has also arranged to offer three- to seven-day pre- and post-cruise land tours—at cost! These specially designed tour packages—which can't be purchased *anywhere* for *less*!—will take subscribers "inland" to Mt. McKinley, Denali National Park, Portage Glacier, and the historic cities of Nome and Fairbanks (one tour even goes above the Arctic Circle!), plus cosmopolitan Vancouver. "Whichever package people choose," said Capano, "they can count on it turning their already fabulous cruise vacation into a truly unforgettable experience."

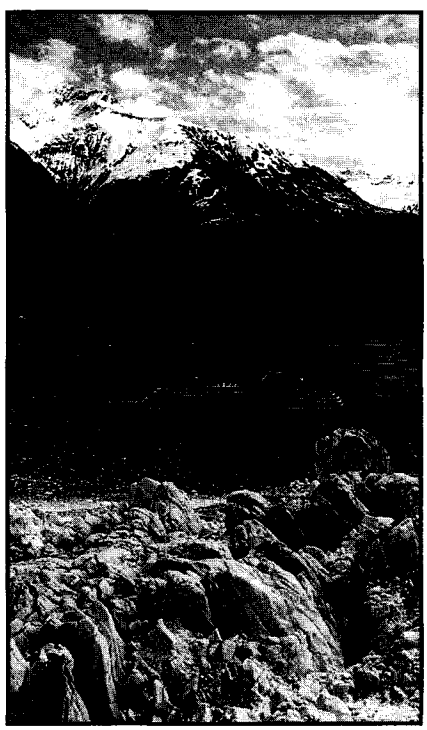
In addition to these special pre- and post-cruise tour packages, the *Ryndam* will offer passengers a wide range of exciting day excursions when it is "in port." *NR* "cruisers" will be able to select from many affordable shore side-trips or adventures—including "flightseeing," kayaking, and fishing. And because Holland America's experience shows that Alaska cruises make for great family vacations, the *Ryndam* will also offer a number of fascinating excursions—including rain forest hikes and trips to Indian villages and "raptor" centers—for children and teenagers.

"Affjordable" Cabins at Big Savings

But in what may be the most startling news about the ***National Review* 1997 Alaska Cruise**, *NR* officials announced that they will offer passage on the trip at rates *significantly below catalogue costs.* Having reserved a wide range of well-appointed and spacious cabins to meet everyone's tastes and means, *NR*'s "affjordable" Alaska fares will save couples up to **$1,200** off published rates for the complete cruise package, which include all meals, taxes, gratuities, port fees, transfers, and admission to all *NR* events.

And as an extra bonus, *National Review* will further reduce fares *another* $100 for anyone who reserves a cabin before December 15th (so couples can save up to **$1,400** off the published catalogue rates!).

In addition, *NR* subscribers can enjoy big savings on air travel by taking advantage of Holland America's special "Fly Cruise" program, which can get people to and from the cruise (and pre- and post-cruise tours) on low-cost, round-trip flights from most major U.S. "gateway" cities.



National Review's all-inclusive prices start as low as $2,094 per person, making the ***National Review* 1997 Alaska Cruise** an affordable vacation for individuals, couples, and families. Anyone interested in being part of this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to spend seven days schmoozing and talking policy and politics with Bill Buckley, Milton Friedman, Robert Novak, Robert Bork, Pat Sajak, and *NR*'s editorial luminaries—all while marveling at the grandest of Mother Nature's masterpieces—should call **800-246-9594** to receive the ***National Review* 1997 Alaska Cruise** Information Kit. The kit will provide all the information needed regarding the *Ryndam*'s itinerary, cabins, and programs, as well as all pricing and airfare information.

Delay and You Might Not Get *Inuit*

"Don't delay," warned Capano. "Like our previous sails, the ***National Review* 1997 Alaska Cruise** will no doubt sell out quickly."

Until next time, this has been Ed Skimo, *National Review* Alaska Cruise Correspondent, reporting.

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would really like is to what they would conceive as a more user-friendly Conservative government under another name. With them in mind, Blair talks of a "stakeholder" society, in which everybody's interests would be equally considered. He smiles a lot.

His opponent, Prime Minister John Major, is, like Bob Dole, not good at "the vision thing." His appeal is supposed to be that of a decent ordinary man who has risen to the top; absurdly, though with an element of biographical truth, he has even tried playing the class card against the better educated Blair ("New Labour, Old School Tie").

Major's need is to open clear blue water between his policies and the attitudes of New Labour. For the instincts of the Conservative Party and the instincts of the Labour Party remain very different. Labour's itch, however concealed, is for taxation, redistribution, and regulation: the Conservatives still believe, vaguely, in lower taxes and privatization. The trouble is that neither Major nor Chancellor of the Exchequer Kenneth Clarke seems to understand why so many grassroots Conservatives feel betrayed.

This misunderstanding goes back to the last election. The party managers persist in attributing that victory to John Major's common touch. They were too vain to admit the tabloid press won that election by hammering away at Labour's intention of raising taxes considerably.

Since then, the Conservative government has perpetrated 22 separate tax rises. Mr. Clarke talks now as if tax-cutting were an optional extra. "Only when we can afford it," he says, as if it were not among a Conservative chancellor's prime duties to *make* tax cuts affordable. In last month's budget he announced a few small tax cuts, balanced by a few small tax increases. The only relevant pledge from John Major is that the government will spend more on the National Health Service, in real terms, "year after year after year." Overall, this Conservative government is consuming no smaller a proportion of the national economy than the last Labour Government nearly two decades ago. Similarly, despite some talk of deregulation, the government has been creating new crimes at the rate of one a week and new regulations—many simply passed on, without scrutiny, from the European Union—at a rate of three thousand a year.

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s London correspondent.*

The whole question of Britain's relations with a Europe moving relentlessly toward federalism hangs over both main parties and is hardly discussed by either of them. Both Major and Blair have now reluctantly agreed to hold a referendum on the highly technical question of a single European currency, if and when the government of the day thinks monetary union desirable—or unavoidable. Two small parties, the Referendum Party and the UK Independence Party, offer the electorate a theoretical alternative. The question which Sir James Goldsmith, founder and financial backer of the Referendum Party, says should be put to the British people is an ostensibly simple one: "Do you want the United Kingdom to be part of a Federal Europe? Or do you want the UK to return to an association of sovereign nations that are part of a common trading market?" The catch, as was immediately pointed out, is that the latter option, which would certainly command a huge majority, is not on offer; Europe has gone far beyond that point.

Within the Conservative Party, Euroskepticism is strongest among the younger members of Parliament. In the aftermath of a defeat Major and his brand of woolly conservatism could probably not survive; which is why some hard-nosed Conservatives view the prospect of defeat as not without its compensations. □

Saving the Children

ELLEN LUKAS

Frederick H. Carlson

STOCKHOLM/NEW YORK CITY

WITH the adoption of three separate resolutions condemning the commercial sexual exploitation of children, the United Nations General Assembly this month began the first international mobilization against child prostitution and child pornography. In so doing, it endorsed the work of the landmark Congress Against the Commercial Sexual Exploitation of Children, which was held in Sweden at the end of August.

The Congress, the first of its kind, brought together representatives of 119 governments, along with 550 delegates (child-welfare workers, public-health experts, psychologists, and members of human-rights groups, tourist organizations, and police associations) from 260 non-governmental organizations (NGOs), and a number of UNICEF bureaucrats. On its opening day, by acclamation and without debate, the Congress adopted a Declaration calling the exploitation of children a wrong "which even poverty cannot be said to justify." The Declaration also urged governments to make child prostitution and child pornography a crime everywhere, to outlaw sex tourism, to share databases and establish registers of offenders, and to pass laws that would allow offenders to be tried by their own country or by the country in which they were arrested for crimes committed against children.

The problem that the resolutions address is a staggering one. From Nepal and Bangladesh, where children are bought from their families and taken to brothels; to the Philippines, where there are six-year-olds who will have sex for $6; to Bombay, where children in brothels are sometimes held in cages and where 50 cents buys half an hour of sex with a 12-year-old on the street; to Sri Lanka, where tourists rent elegant houses along the beaches to keep little boys whom they abuse; to Amsterdam, where the show-window prostitutes are now mostly under 14; to Manhattan's

Ellen Lukas attended the Stockholm Congress for the Family Research Council. With Mary Lukas, she is writing a book on NGOs at the UN.

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Ninth Avenue, where 15-year-old girls offer themselves, $40 with a condom, $60 without—in all these places and many others, young bodies are being bought for the price of candy bars or the entrance fee to a discotheque.

Although child prostitution has been around for thousands of years, its practice has grown hugely in the last quarter-century as Third World countries have become popular destinations for sex tourists, many of whom are driven by the fear of AIDS to demand sex with younger and younger girls and boys, whom they wrongly regard as more likely to be disease-free. Human Rights Watch has estimated that there are many hundreds of thousands of children involved in prostitution and pornography in India alone. Other reports say there are 200,000 child prostitutes in Thailand, 60,000 in the Philippines, 250,000 in Brazil, and over 200,000 in the United States.

A striking thing about the Stockholm Congress is that it originated, not with any United Nations body, or even with a UN-affiliated non-governmental organization, but with a crusading pressure group called ECPAT (for "End Child Prostitution in Asian Tourism"), an ad hoc coalition of church people and social workers, which came together only in 1991.

The movement began in the late 1980s, when Thai social workers sent research teams into the sleazy bars and brothels of Thailand, Sri Lanka, and the Philippines to establish the facts. The results of their investigation, announced at a seminar in Changmai, Thailand, in May 1990, filled them with dismay. The number of children selling their bodies in these countries was not, as they imagined, a few hundred, but rather several hundred thousand, aged 6 to 14 and sometimes younger. Reports from Taiwan, India, and Korea came up with comparable figures.

The researchers turned logically to UNICEF for help, appealing under the UN's 1989 Convention on the Rights of the Child. When UNICEF balked at cooperating, saying that child prostitution was "not within our mandate," they decided to go it alone. Joined by various church groups, they called themselves ECPAT, took a rosebud broken on its stalk as their symbol, and appointed as their coordinator Ron O'Grady, a tall white-thatched Disciples of Christ pastor from New Zealand who had been an activist for Maori rights. With a $30,000 purse from Bread for the World, Misereor in Germany, Netherlands Caritas, and Church of Sweden Aid, ECPAT set up offices worldwide.

One of the first orders of business was to pressure First World countries to examine their laws as they related to extra-territoriality. At a meeting held near Stuttgart in 1993, ECPAT representatives convinced German politicians to press for new laws allowing for the prosecution of any German national who was caught using child prostitutes abroad; they were surprised to see France, Australia, and the United States follow suit.

In 1993–94, with a $285,000 grant from the Swedish government, ECPAT launched information campaigns in countries where sex tourism was widespread. It also set up a fund to assist in the rehabilitation of sexually abused children and for the care of children who had contracted AIDS.

In June 1994, at a meeting in Bangkok, ECPAT proposed holding a World Congress Against Child Prostitution and Pornography. Once again it appealed to the United Nations for help and was rebuffed. And so ECPAT turned to Sweden for help. That October, Sweden agreed to host the congress, and as soon as it did, UNICEF agreed to co-host.

As the General Assembly moves toward the close of its 51st session this month, ECPAT is still catching its breath from the Stockholm Congress. Among its last actions at the Congress were to retranslate its acronym to mean "End Child Prostitution, Pornography, and Trafficking," and to make plans for new public-education campaigns in Latin America, Africa, Eastern Europe, and the United States.

Scheduled to step down in January as ECPAT's director, Ron O'Grady has gone home to his multi-racial parish in Auckland, to review applications for his successor. In a phone interview, he expressed measured gratification about the happenings in the General Assembly.

"It's been a long road from Changmai to the UN in New York," he said. "But we didn't think it would be easy. Stockholm was a good start in the battle against child prostitution. What we must do now is get some kind of government monitoring mechanism to be sure the Stockholm agenda is implemented."

He adds: "Child sexual abuse has always been a taboo subject; organizations and institutions don't want to face it." What ECPAT has done is force it out into the light. □

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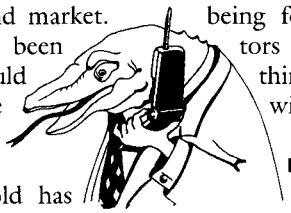
GEKKO

THE ominous creaking you hear in the foundations of the stock market isn't in the pull and tug of the equity bulls and bears.

No, the danger lies in what was once considered an investment alternative to the stock market: the bond market. In recent weeks, we've been showered with what should be good news for the bond. The housing market is weak, prices are staying low, oil is weak, and gold has been drifting down. Real wages went down in October. Bad news for most people generally means good news for the bond market.



Now, there *was* a rally in the Treasury-bond market that began in late October, when investors began discounting the beneficial effect of a Republican Congress. But who was doing the buying? Real buyers? That is, people saving for retirement, or fiduciaries looking out for the interests of beneficiaries?

Doesn't look that way. So far, this looks like a rally driven by speculators who are putting down their bets based on trend-following formulas, or "technicals." While all the data on who has been buying and selling over the past month haven't been released by the government, you can tell a lot about the real basis for the price move by looking at how the market has been dealing with "resistance." Resistance means a price level where buyers are reluctant to add to their positions, and where sellers get bolder. In the Treasury 30-year bond, the recent resistance level is where the bond yields around 6.4 per cent.

What's most telling about the bond is that its price from day to day seems to depend much more on this and other technical considerations, and much less on real economic news. In other words, the buyers who have been in control of the bond market—and, indirectly, the stock market—have been speculators, powered by borrowed money. Weak money. You can tell this from the Commitment of Traders reports issued by the CFTC, the government futures-market regulator. The COT reports show that speculators have big long positions in the bond market, and "hedgers," or real investors, are heavily short. That pattern typically precedes a market decline, or a rise in interest rates.

So there's an invisible war of attrition being fought out between speculators and fearful bondholders. I think we'll see pretty soon who will win.

■ You may recall that I've been bullish on Canadian paper since the end of March. At that time, the Canadian 10-year bond was yielding 130 basis points (1.3 per cent) more than the U.S. Treasury 10-year. Now the Canadian 10-year has risen to where it's yielding 6 basis points or so less than the U.S. bond. Presbyterian grimness has prevailed.

Basically, the depressed state of the Canadian economy, low inflation, and strong exports to the States have allowed the Bank of Canada to cut rates while the Fed has had to stand firm. Also, the markets decided, correctly, that the country wouldn't break up any time soon; the Quebec government has had to shelve separatist initiatives until it gets its fiscal house in order.

But there are some yellow flags north of the border.

"Dear Lord, cure the sick and help the poor. Let there be world peace, and give those suffering peace of mind. And create whatever havoc is necessary to improve my pork bellies."

The most interesting is the misuse that might be made of the Canadian Social Security privatization. If Canada's federal government holds to its plan, all borrowing requirements could be met from the Canada Pension Plan surplus within a year or two. That means no new Canadian bonds on the market.

Right now, the Canada Pension Plan is a pay-as-you-go system masquerading as an insurance plan, much like our own Social Security. But if it were to be "privatized," then it would start to invest in private-sector initiatives. Given the elastic meaning of "private sector" in politicians' minds, that means that the Canada Pension Plan contributions from workers and employers could go to finance "private" or "public–private partnership" boondoggles such as a proposed Windsor–Quebec railroad, recalling the truly impressive history of graft that accompanied Canadian railroad projects in the storied past.

For the moment, Canadian bonds should still outperform their U.S. counterparts. But keep an eye out. Canadian politicians sell themselves as rehabbed spending junkies—and they need to be tested regularly at their workplace.

■ The Russian government is in a tight fiscal squeeze—there's talk that it may have to lay off ten CIA officers.

Basically, Russians don't like to pay taxes because a) the taxes are confiscatory—more than 100 per cent on income in some cases—and b) the government lacks legitimacy. Even now, though, the International Monetary Fund chiefs don't understand why the Russian people don't feel morally obligated to pay tribute to a bunch of grafters and liars.

For that matter, the Russian investor doesn't seem too interested in buying stocks in his own country. There was evidence of that over *our* Thanksgiving holiday. Trading in Russian securities slowed to a crawl when the Americans weren't around. In other words, if it weren't for the outsiders, there wouldn't be a bid side in this "undervalued" paper.

But enough cynical financial news. The real talk around Moscow is who's in bed with whom. The current word is that Anatoli Chubais is goo-goo eyed over the Tsarevna Tatiana Byachenko, Yeltsin's daughter. There are a couple of marriages in the way, but true love will out. Tatiana doesn't look quite like those Russian models, but the Tsar's daughter has a certain, how to put it, inner beauty. —JOHN DIZARD

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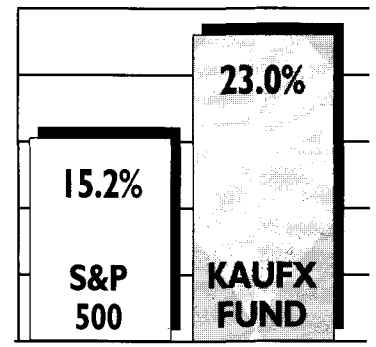

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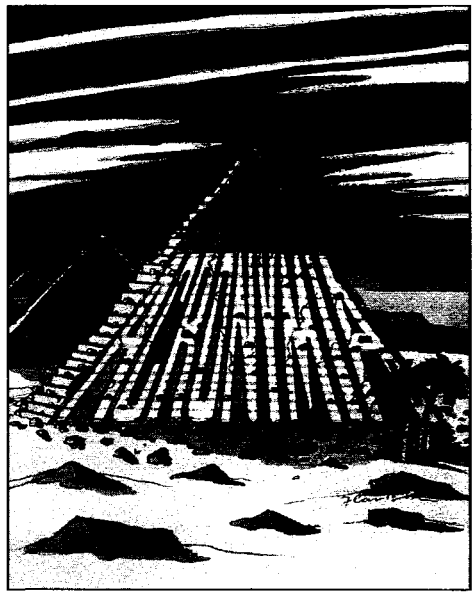
Does National Sovereignty Have a Future?

As international bodies gather power unto themselves to solve imaginary problems, the future of national sovereignty is threatened.

KENNETH MINOGUE

THE story is told of how Charles II, back in the 1660s, presented to the Royal Academy an interesting problem: why does a dead fish weigh more than a living one? The scientists thought long and hard about this problem, coming up with many ingenious solutions. The actual solution lay in a different area altogether: the initial premise was wrong. Dead fish don't weigh more than living ones. There was no problem to begin with.



This abstract idea needs a concrete focus, and I shall take mine from a paper put out by the UN Committee on Natural Resources—CNR to its friends, of whom, given its prose style, it can't have many. CNR belongs to a world of acronyms so powerful that we might well posit as their homeland the greatest power in the world of ideas: ACRONYMIA. The CNR is an "expert" committee of 24 members. Its mandate was formally approved by ECOSOC (UN Economic and Social Council) in July 1992—basing itself on earlier resolutions going back into the mists of bureaucratic time.

CNR believes that the issue of the supply of minerals ought to be considered as part of an "integrated approach to the planning and management of land resources." In pursuance of this approach, it offers to those who mine metals—let us call them "metalkind"—"an overall global partnership for sustainable development." Offers of partnership here resemble the Mafia's offers of protection: devices for forcing yourself into the act.

Decisions on sustainable development must, we learn, "be based on the best possible information," and then follows this eye-catching sentence: "The kind of holistic and global view that is necessary is not readily acquired by individual enterprises and countries." This leads immediately to a conclusion: "The Committee therefore believes that the UN (alias the Committee itself!) has a critical role to play in coordinating and integrating information on key issues on a global scale." The Committee is going to "provide the new global links to improve the basis for global management strategies integrating environmental and development concerns."

The art of diplomacy was once described as saying "Nice doggie" while searching for a big stick. "Nice doggie" in this document is soothing talk of planning, integration, coordination, and "partnership." Self-defense, on the other hand, is locating the stick—often a slim twig that will soon grow into a big stick. In this case, the twig is the simple sentence that metalkind (and nationkind) are incapable of acquiring "the kind of holistic and global view" that is necessary. Only an international committee of experts can do that. I am reminded of the bar man in the *New Yorker* cartoon who remarks to the drunk: "What we all admire is the way you have acquired megalomania without losing the common touch."

The UN project, then, is to find a solution to one big problem, and it is this style of thought—instrumental rationality it is often called—which we must consider. Solving problems is, of course, often a sensible thing to do. But earlier civilizations were parsimonious in construing the world as a nest of problems. Some things, they thought, just had to be endured. And sometimes even

Mr. Minogue is a professor of political science at the London School of Economics.

ILLUSTRATION BY FREDERICK H. CARLSON

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Orthodox Catholics: Don't Give Up!

The Church is in terrible turmoil. Pope Paul VI went so far as to lament that the "smoke of Satan" has entered her portals.

Too often are we vexed or tormented by heretical homilists, loopy liturgists, confused catechists, twisted theologians, New-Age nuns, and even befuddled bishops.

But if you're depressed, consider: The neo-Modernists and saboteurs in our midst are *even more* depressed. They know the papacy is *insisting* on the right of the faithful to receive *authentic* Catholic teaching. The dissenters are actually trembling, for they know that orthodox Catholicism is ascendant, and winning the day. But do *you* know?

The surest sign that the tide has turned in our favor is that the Church has been attracting a new wave of converts. What really infuriates the liberals is that the new converts are being drawn by the Magisterium, the Throne of Peter, and the Catholicism of the ages (everything the mod types despise!) and that the new converts include an abundance of talented and prominent people: Malcolm Muggeridge, Richard John Neuhaus, Helen Hull Hitchcock, Deal Hudson, as well as the Duchess of Kent, the literary adviser to the C.S. Lewis Estate, the former Anglican Bishop of London, and many others.

The forum for new converts is the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a unique monthly magazine which takes its name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement, and its inspiration from the brilliant convert, John Henry Newman. Among the eminent converts who've written for us are Walker Percy, Russell Kirk, Sheldon Vanauken, Avery Dulles, Ronda Chervin, Peter Kreeft, Thomas Howard, and George Rutler.

New Catholics bring vitality to the Church. Where would we be without such luminous converts as St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Edmund Campion, St. Elizabeth Ann Seton, Chesterton, Maritain, Waugh, von Hildebrand, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Ronald Knox, Dorothy Day, and Christopher Dawson?

Today's trendy theologians often rationalize their dissent by claiming that their watering-down of Catholicism makes it more attractive to outsiders. *But where are the illustrious and radiant converts they've drawn in?*

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW know that bowing down to the idols of our decadent culture and defying the Church's teaching authority will not receive the Lord's blessing of a bountiful harvest of converts.

But the REVIEW isn't just for converts or potential converts. Most of our writers are cradle Catholics, and a significant minority are Protestants, solid "mere Christians" of the C.S. Lewis variety. We cover the full range of issues of concern to today's loyal Catholic. We stand up for orthodoxy, family values, and the prolife cause — without forgetting social justice. We challenge the wimps and wreckers in the Church. We aren't giving up, nor should you!

If you're disheartened by all the liturgical travesties, moral laxity, and dissent in the Church, cheer up by tasting the rebirth of the authentic Catholic spirit in the pages of the NEW OXFORD REVIEW!

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moderns like us feel that way. Back in the 1950s, the days of Dr. Dichter the great market psychologist, men and women were surveyed about what they most disliked in life. Men said shaving, women said menstruation. They were then offered an (as it turned out) imaginary pill which could dispense with these problematic inconveniences. Most rejected the offer. This response, like the dead fish, is a parable about the human condition.

As for future generations—well, one cannot but wonder at the selfishness of the British Admiralty in cutting down all those oak trees to build ships, when they should have been conserving oak forests for shipbuilding in the twenty-first century.

A great deal of salesmanship, alias propaganda, consists in persuading people that they have a terrible problem which only the propagandist can solve. Hitler on Jews, or Marx on the bourgeoisie persuaded many to believe in a dead-fish problem. But there are many other forms of the dead-fish problem. Unemployment, for example, poses a famous rationality problem because our natural response to it is to say: how absurd that millions of able-bodied people should be sitting around idle when there are so many important things (renewing the infrastructure, etc.) that need to be done. When the question is posed in this way, the natural solution is to use the powers of government to create a natural labor force. That way leads to central planning of the economy. It is a perfect case where abstract instrumental rationality takes a lot of small problems and creates one great big disaster.

That example gives us a clue to the many dangerous assumptions concealed in our natural instinct for collectively instrumentally rational solutions to grand problems. We should be particularly critical of the assumption that small problems agglomerate together into One Big Problem which requires One Big Solution and consequently, One Big Solver. And what is clearly assumed in the bid for international regulation of metalkind is that the One Big Solver must have the power to impose a solution. Concealed beneath the euphemistic language is a doctrine quite explicit in many reports with an environmental slant: The very essence of global governance is the capability to ensure compliance.

The inventor of the One Big Solution to the One Big Problem was the philosopher Plato, who imagined humanity as trapped in a cave of shadowy illusions. Salvation could only come from the philosopher-king who had emerged from the cave and seen what things looked like in the sunlight. The test of understanding was reality; the difficulty was that the only person who could test whether the philosopher was actually in contact with reality was—well, the philosopher himself. The philosopher-king solution, when transferred to politics, ends up with that most vacuous of political demands: put your trust in me.

With the Committee on Natural Resources we have something only marginally different from Plato: the philosopher-committee has replaced the philosopher-king. And instead of Plato's subtle theory of ideas, we have "the best possible information" to provide the "information links" that will in turn provide the basis for "global management strategies integrating environmental and development concerns."

Or will it? It is not easy to sustain a questioning frame of mind when reading words which are bureaucratically exciting but intellectually void. In construing the meaning of this argument, I might take as my text a remark by an American Deputy Secretary of State for Environment. His name is Tim Wirth and, when a Senator, he made a striking comment which comes from the heart of the internationalist movement:

> What we've got to do in energy . . . is . . . ride the global warming issue. . . . Even if the theory is wrong . . . (it) means doing the right thing . . . in terms of economic policy and environmental policy.

Here is a dramatic illustration of my argument that any problem–solution nexus of argument must be treated with extreme suspicion. What is here revealed is a powerful moral drive riding on a theory whose very truth and reliability is relegated to a secondary place. So much for that "best possible information."

There is, in fact, nothing like the cynicism of the well-intentioned. Thus Stephen Schneider of the National Center of Atmospheric Research in Colorado comments on global warming:

> . . . we have to offer up scary scenarios, make simplified dramatic statements and make little mention of doubts we might have . . . Each of us has to decide what the right balance is between being effective and being honest.

It was George Orwell who warned us that vague and pompous language could conceal specific and unpompous political ambitions. But leaving language aside, and leaving aside also the fact that for many internationalists the actual truth of the theory is a secondary issue, we as rational critics must consider the logical question of what such a committee might actually be in a position to *know*. One striking example can be found even in the memorandum of the CNR. In looking to what it calls the "horizon of sustainability" the Committee measures "Demonstrated Economic Resources" which can be extended by "an assessment of Undiscovered Resources" (p. 3). To know the unknowable is a cute trick, but by no means the cutest in this field.

It might seem that I am being merely pedantic, a bit carping, in treating the Committee proposal in this way. For surely, it will be said, we are dealing with a real problem here. Is it not unjust that rich Western countries gobble up more than "their share" of scarce minerals—ought not metalkind think more of mankind? And do we really want to leave to our children a planet looking like an old abandoned mine shaft?

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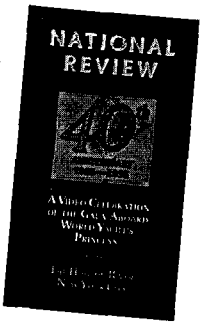

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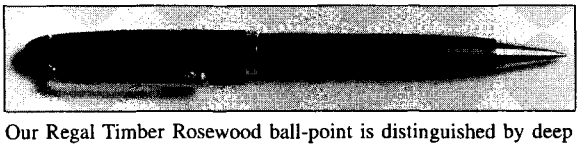

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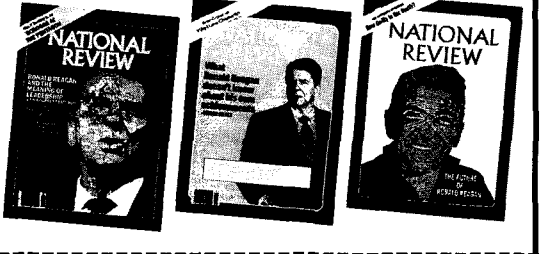

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While the point of this rhetoric is to create a strong sense of urgency in the listener, it cannot obscure the serious question, namely: do we have the knowledge available to solve this problem? Does it not raise very large questions of politics which will lead to major conflicts? And if we push our question even further we might ask: Are we not dealing with another of those dead-fish questions?

Such questions are neither frivolous nor pedantic. As Dipak Lal has pointed out, acid rain, the nuclear winter, and oil fires of Kuwait have all had their moment of glory as global problems and disappeared from sight. We in the West love to have our bowels chilled by tales of imminent catastrophe. Men telling about the end of the world used to operate from pulpits, or go about in sandwich boards. Today they work from the Lab, and instead of recommending prayer, they demand an international committee and urgent action. And as for future generations—well, one cannot but wonder at the selfishness of the British Admiralty at the turn of the nineteenth century in cutting down all those oak trees to build ships to protect them against Napoleon, when they should have been conserving oak forests for ship building in the twenty-first century. There is at least one highly significant affinity between environmental activists and Communists of yesteryear: both are dependent for their assumptions upon existing—usually an already outmoded—technology.

Some of you may remember the cartoon figure of Mr. Magoo, whose myopia never interfered with his confident sense of his own infallibility. He was forever walking along the edges of precipices under the illusion that it was the center of the road; he was the classic searcher for a gas leak with a lighted taper. Observing the marvelous combination of confidence and ignorance in the proposals of international regulatory committees, the figure of Magoo is never far from my mind. As Alice remarked in another cartoon: "Don't just do something. Stand there."

Immobilism is not, of course, a particularly heroic policy, nor is it quite what I am advocating. No doubt it is prudent to respond even to such imperfect understanding as we have of the impact of industry on the environment. But it would seem plausible to believe that the world is better served by many intelligent people in different sovereign states responding to a variety of situationally different problems than by a single committee of experts imposing one big solution on everybody.

International problems often provoke us to this insidious kind of false rationality. We respond eagerly to famine pictures, only to discover that the food is being diverted to war lords, or that we are destroying the market on which the long-term future of these people will depend.

It is in fact the very *logic* of rationality which deceives us. The moment we have constructed a situation in problem terms, we have moved into a world of abstractions which conceals from us important aspects of a situation. Those in America early in the century who thought that drunkenness was a problem, to be solved by constitutional prohibition, did not recognize in the power of a forbidden desire the potentiality to create whole gangster empires which plague America to this day. The philosopher Kant, like many of his generation, thought war was a problem, and the removal of kings and aristocrats—the only people he believed, who had an interest in war—was the solution. It was this idea which paved the way for the infinitely more deadly mass mobilization wars of recent times.

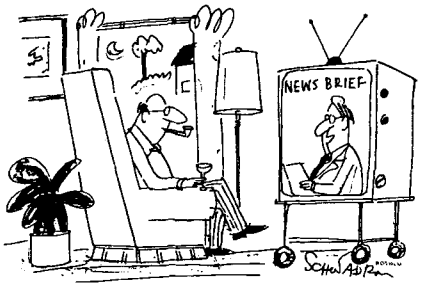
The problem of unintended consequences is well-illustrated in the Aesop fable of Horse which was being tormented by a boar, and called on Man to help. "Certainly," said Man, "I shall help you, but first you must let me saddle you up." The horse solved the problem of the boar, but was lumbered ever after with the saddle. My basic question is whether metalkind will allow itself to be similarly saddled.

The international world is the natural habitat of instrumental rationality in its extreme form, because there's nothing else out there except talking shops, so they talk things up using standard moves. One, for example, is to attribute all conflict between states to "nationalism" which is actually something highly specific. This move undermines states by suggesting that they are always blind and selfish, and that enlightenment can only be found at the international level.

Another device is to tell us, as Marx did and many others before him, that we have now entered a new world of interdependence in which frontiers are permeable and the old values don't apply. It was no doubt an opinion that occurred to the Emperor Hadrian as he contemplated the barbarians on the borders of Rome. Today the doctrine is called "globalization." National sovereignty, it is said, cannot deal with modern problems, because problems—ah, those pesky problems again—don't stop at the borders of states. What we must do is "pool sovereignty." National sovereignty is an anachronism—like monarchy, the family, honor, fountain pens, and pleasing architecture.

What we have is a new ideology for an emerging class of internationalists, and global problems are ways of talking up its power and increasing its leverage over the national state. Power is to selfless international committees of the enlightened.

Don't think that I am sentimentalizing the national state. It is in many ways a vile old brute, and the misuses of instrumental rationality have been lavishly used by states to aggrandize their own power. The state is a monster, but it is *our* monster, in the sense that it must endure some sort of accountability, in democracies, to us. In a perfect world, one would want to focus on diminishing its power, which is certainly one of the virtuous causes of our time. But then, it isn't a perfect world, and as the famous Irishman said—he is one of the tragic but realistic conservatives of our time—"If I wanted to get there, I wouldn't have started from here." □



"Today, push came to shove, all hell broke loose, the dam burst, and the manure hit the fan. Details at eleven."

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WAITING IN THE WINGS

Rising Stars

While no heir apparent has been identified, new leaders are beginning to appear in conservative ranks.

ROBERT D. NOVAK

FOR the first time in 36 years, there is nobody in line for the next Republican presidential nomination. In fact, nobody has stepped up to become the clear political leader of the conservative movement since Ronald Reagan left the White House.

But these are not dismal tidings for conservatism. The Right has impressive bench strength—new figures without national reputations and unlikely to be presidential contenders in 2000, but effective and principled potential leaders for the future.

At the suggestion of *NR*'s editors, I have selected five conservatives to keep an eye on. Since their selection is nothing if not arbitrary, I set four arbitrary rules for picking them.

1) No household names; they must not be people widely recognized. 2) No noble losers, but rather people who win elections. 3) No moderates; bona fide conservatives only. 4) No political correctness mandating diversity (which regrettably ends up with no women on the bench).

Michigan Gov. John Engler, Wisconsin Gov. Tommy Thompson, and Missouri Sen. John Ashcroft have been around a shade too long to qualify. Texas Gov. George W. Bush and Tennessee Sen. Fred Thompson are attractive and effective, but the conservatism of each has yet to be proved. George's brother Jeb is surely conservative enough; both he and Indianapolis Mayor Stephen Goldsmith would qualify had they not lost races for governor, in Florida and Indiana, respectively.

Utah Gov. Mike Leavitt, Oklahoma Gov. Frank Keating, Michigan Sen. Spence Abraham, and Oklahoma Reps. Steve Largent and J. C. Watts were just nosed out by these five:

Sen. Sam Brownback of Kansas; University of California Regent Ward Connerly; California Attorney General Dan Lungren; Sen. Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania; Rep. Billy Tauzin of Louisiana.

And here is a "junior varsity" of promising conservatives at state and local levels:

Raleigh (N.C.) Mayor Tom Fetzer; Pennsylvania Attorney General Mike Fisher; Colorado State Treasurer Bill Owens; Iowa Secretary of State Paul Pate; Illinois State Sen. Steve Rauschenberger.

Sam Brownback, 40, Garnett, Kan.: Thanks to Robert J. Dole's resignation, Brownback became the first of the famous House freshman class of 1994 to advance to the Senate.

The road was not easy. Kansas may have been the most consistently Republican state over the past generation, but it did not send movement conservatives to Washington—until Sam Brownback.

A farmboy turned lawyer, Brownback served for six years as secretary of the Kansas Board of Agriculture and as a White House fellow in 1990–91—long enough to convince him the Federal Government is much too big.

His 1994 run for Congress, his first attempt at elective office, was against Democrat John Carlin, a former two-term governor. Embracing the Contract with America, Brownback won 66 per cent of the vote and carried every county in his district.

Brownback ignored Sam Rayburn's advice that House newcomers should be seldom seen and never heard. He quickly formed the New Federalists, 14 rookie Republicans dedicated to slashing government.

By the time Dole resigned from the Senate this June, Brownback had become disillusioned with House Republican leadership. He now had a shot at a Senate seat in a new kind of Senate—with Trent Lott as Majority Leader and conservatives such as himself replacing the Doles and the Hatfields.

But first he had to face what he calls "The Machine"—the Kansas Republican establishment. Gov. Bill Graves, a moderate, pro-choice Republican, filled the Dole vacancy by naming his lieutenant governor, Sheila Frahm, a dependable organization politician who is pro-choice and anti-term-limits, and who refused to sign a federal no-tax-increase pledge.

Mr. Novak is a syndicated columnist and a television commentator on CNN.

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Mrs. Frahm began the primary campaign with a huge lead over Brownback. But Brownback, strongly supported by religious conservatives, tapped voters newly converted to the Republican Party and won—easily.

Next he faced a formidable opponent with the most prestigious Democratic name in Kansas: Jill Docking, who ran as a fiscally conservative businesswoman appealing to establishment Republicans who were turned off by Brownback's support from the Religious Right.

Kansas has its first bona fide conservative senator in four decades.

When Mrs. Docking led in some polls, a number of political reporters were prepared to deplore the Republican folly of losing a safe seat by turning to an extremist. But Brownback won—again, easily. Kansas has its first bona fide conservative senator in four decades.

Ward Connerly, 57, Sacramento, Calif.: Connerly is in a different category from the others. Although he is undoubtedly a Republican and a conservative, whether he will be a national leader is a matter of considerable doubt.

The doubt does not stem from Connerly's appeal. This black businessman awed conservatives with his courage and eloquence in leading the fight for the California Civil Rights Initiative. The question is whether, having experienced the rancid swamps of politics, he wants to get in any deeper.

Connerly, born in rural poverty in Louisiana, became a Republican 28 years ago. He was working for the California state housing department when he was lured away to become chief consultant to a new State Assembly Committee on Urban Affairs by its chairman, a liberal Republican named Pete Wilson.

Following Wilson's advice, Connerly later went into the private sector to forge a successful career as a land consultant. He declined a full-time position in Gov. Wilson's administration, but he did accept a 12-year term as a University of California Regent.

From that normally obscure base, he led the way in rolling back race and gender preferences in the giant university system. Next came his leadership in the turbulent battle for passage of CCRI. In its course, he was vilified by black leaders (one advertisement depicted him as a robed Klansman) and given the cold shoulder by corporate leaders fearful of upsetting the status quo.

That experience has led Connerly to reject appeals to run against liberal Democratic Sen. Barbara Boxer next election, and indeed to say he will never again enter the political arena. But he is expected to continue his fight for an even playing field.

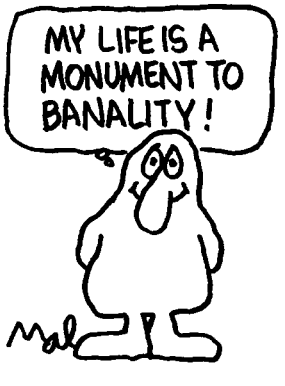
Daniel E. Lungren, 49, Sacramento, Calif.: Articulate, handsome, Catholic, a proven vote-getter, and a native Californian, Lungren is a presidential candidate of the future—but only if elected governor in 1998. That would mark the fifth straight successful Republican campaign for governor, but the first time an arguably legitimate conservative had been elected since 1970.

Lungren is pro-life, a supply-sider, and tough on crime and immigration. His position in the California GOP was underlined at the party's platform-committee proceedings in San Diego last summer. While Lungren was inside drafting a socially conservative platform, Pete Wilson was outside in a press conference denouncing it.

Lungren spent five terms (1979–88) in Congress, where he became a leader on crime and immigration legislation. So well was he regarded by former colleagues that he was pushed by Newt Gingrich and Dick Armey to be Dole's running-mate.

He had joined with Gingrich to form the "Conservative Opportunity Society," and was among those who sought to oust Bob Michel as Republican minority leader in 1980. But by 1984, Michel had tapped him to manage the Republican anti-crime legislation.

Lungren left Congress in 1988 to accept appointment as state treasurer but was rejected by the Democratic-controlled State Senate. However, in 1990 he was elected state attorney general, and he was re-elected in 1994 with a 4.4-million-vote landslide.



Rick Santorum, 38, Pittsburgh, Pa.: He is the first genuinely conservative Republican senator from Pennsylvania in half a century and a rising star in the Senate. At a time of Republican–conservative decline in the Northeast, Santorum swims against the tide.

After four years with a law firm in Pittsburgh, this second-generation Italian–American ran for Congress in 1990 against a seven-term Democrat. Santorum was outspent nearly 3 to 1, but knocked on 25,000 doors promising reform and change. He barely won.

He was one of the "Gang of Seven" freshman Republicans who exposed the House Bank scandal—a foundation of the 1994 GOP takeover of the House. But by that time Santorum was running for the Senate against Sen. Harris Wofford, the national Democratic poster boy after his 1991 upset win.

Santorum, strongly supported by religious conservatives, did everything a candidate is not supposed to do in the Northeast. He was pro-life, challenged Wofford on health care, and opposed gun control. He barely won.

Once in the Senate as its youngest member, he did not hold his tongue. On the Balanced Budget Amendment, he challenged the venerable Sen. Robert Byrd in floor debate, and he called for Sen. Mark Hatfield to step down as chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee after Hatfield cast the decisive vote against the amendment.

Asked in early 1995 to name the most outstanding new GOP senators, Trent Lott mentioned Santorum first. Now, Santorum is a trusted personal lieutenant of the new Majority Leader in the new activist Senate.

W. J. (Billy) Tauzin, 53, Thibodaux, La.: A House member for 16 years, he is an infant in Republican years. He began the 104th Congress saying he would stay a Democrat "for now," but that did not turn out to be too long. His walk across the aisle was signaled when he subscribed to all ten items in the Contract with America.

As a Democrat, he fought for private-property rights, with demands for compensation of citizens deprived of their property by government action. That often put him on a collision course with

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the imperious House Commerce Committee chairman, John Dingell.

Tauzin was elected to Congress nine times as a Democrat, closely allied with Louisiana's notorious former governor, Edwin Edwards. Yet last summer, he was selected to deliver the keynote address to the GOP platform committee by its chairman, Rep. Henry Hyde. Concerned by reports that the platform writers were getting wobbly, Tauzin urged the committee to hold firm.

He had been expected to run for the Senate in 1996 but stayed in the House instead, earning his tenth term without opposition—the first time that has ever happened to a party-switcher. He is an integral part of the Republican inner circle, representing the migration of conservative Democrats in the Deep South to the GOP.

Now, here are five conservatives to watch at the state and local levels:

Tom Fetzer, 41, Raleigh, N.C.: A former staffer for Republican Gov. Jim Martin, he was the upset winner in the 1993 non-partisan elections in a city considered a Democratic bastion. As mayor, he has cut taxes and personnel.

Mike Fisher, 52, Pittsburgh, Pa.: A veteran state legislator, Fisher bucked the 1996 Clinton tide in Pennsylvania to eke out a victory for attorney general. A law-and-order conservative, he owes his victory to support from religious conservatives assailed by the state's senior senator, Republican Arlen Specter.

Bill Owens, 46, Aurora, Colo.: A businessman/state legislator, Owens was elected to his first full-time government post as state treasurer in 1994. He champions taxpayers and private enterprise. His eight visits to Russia, including a 1995 stint as an election observer, suggest he has more on his mind than Colorado state investments.

Paul Pate, 38, Marion, Iowa: Owner and operator of a paving and construction company, Pate served six years in the State Senate before his election as secretary of state in 1994. He has pressed for deregulation of business and is the hope of Iowa conservatives for governor in 1998.

Steven J. Rauschenberger, 40, Elgin, Ill.: A furniture retailer, he was elected to the State Senate in 1992 and is now chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee. He has specialized in tax relief and welfare reform and is a prospect for the future in a state where conservatives have fared poorly the past two decades. □

Electing the Peoples

Immigration is now a major issue in American elections. It may soon become the decisive one.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

THE prize for the most perverse interpretation of the election is won by the *Wall Street Journal*'s editorial page, which stated that the largest fall in demographic support for the GOP was among Hispanic voters, who "had good reason to feel stiffed." What reason was that? What else but the "recent attempts by Republican nativists to dramatically restrict legal immigration," which attempts accordingly "should be rethought on political grounds, if not for policy reasons." This argument has since been restated (in more or less identical terms) by Linda Chavez in the *New York Times* and again on the *Journal*'s editorial page by Paul Gigot, who pinned the blame on the "Pat Buchanan–NATIONAL REVIEW–California Governor Pete Wilson wing of the GOP," from the standpoint of the *WSJ*–La Raza–Urban Institute wing of immigration enthusiasts. It plainly conveys the decision of the Establishment, Left and Right, on how we are to think about the political impact of immigration. And given its transparent absurdity, it will surely become Republican orthodoxy before long. So we should examine the fallacies embedded in it right away.

The problem is, where to begin?

First, the *WSJ*–La Raza–Urban Institute argument is based on the unthinking assumption that immigrants, Hispanic immigrants, and Hispanics generally favor existing levels of legal immigration. But poll after poll has

Mr. O'Sullivan is NR*'s editor.*

THE LONG AFFAIR

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1785-1800

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

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shown the reverse. Most recently, the 1993 Latino national political survey (funded by a disappointed Ford Foundation) found that 80 per cent of Puerto Ricans, 75 per cent of Mexican-Americans, and 66 per cent of Cuban-Americans wanted to reduce immigration levels. Neither Mr. Gigot, Miss Chavez, nor the *Journal*'s editor thought it necessary to address this point. Each simply assumed that minority groups that include large numbers of immigrants would favor high levels of immigration. They don't—except when the immigration issue has been successfully "racialized" by left-wing demagogues and their occasional conservative allies. (But see below.)

Indeed, voting Republican is itself a sign of assimilation to the culture and identity of the American majority.

Second, voting by Hispanics in 1996 was broadly in line with their historic pattern, which is, roughly speaking, a 70–30 split between Democrats and Republicans. Every presidential election since 1972 confirms this. When the GOP won a landslide with Reagan in 1984, its share of the Hispanic vote rose to 37 per cent; when the GOP lost big this year, it fell to 21 per cent; and in closer elections, it has fluctuated, coming in at 24, 25, 30, and 33 per cent. But at no point have the Republicans come near to winning even a bare majority of Hispanics. They seem limited to a fluctuating quarter-to-a-third of them. Why?

The reason is, third, that immigration keeps the GOP share of the Hispanic vote low. To be sure, the longer individual Hispanics live in the U.S., the more assimilated and prosperous they become and so the more likely they are to vote Republican. Indeed, voting Republican is itself a sign of minority assimilation to the culture and identity of the American majority. Hispanics as a group might therefore be expected to move right over time—except that new Hispanic immigrants are constantly arriving to swell the Democratic vote. This outweighs any shift to the right on the part of Hispanics already here.

A secondary effect is that large numbers of new immigrants tend to slow down the rate of assimilation—and so the rate of switching to the GOP—because they strengthen the cultural identity of Hispanics as a separate group. But the primary effect is a simple mathematical one: the higher the level of immigration, the higher the Democratic share of the Hispanic vote. And there is another half to this story.

Too Close to Call

ON THE evening of November 4, television stations in four states ran stories based on the work of The Fair Elections Group. In Dallas, a television reporter registered animals at the zoo to vote. Captain James T. Kirk, of the *Starship Enterprise*, was among the registered voters in Tampa, along with a few housepets of station employees. A reporter in Colorado registered multiple times by using variations of her own name. And in California, a reporter asked an incumbent congressman from Orange County and his opponent if they thought that their race could be tainted by voter fraud. The congressman replied that, considering the lack of security in the election process, fraud was a very real possibility. His opponent had no such worries; she said that there is no fraud in the system.

The candidates did not know that just hours before the interview the reporter had received an analysis of Orange County's list of registered voters' completed by The Fair Elections Group. The Group's analysis had identified over 12,000 duplicate registrations. Not surprisingly, the duplicate registrations are disproportionately high in that hotly contested congressional race. Many of the people who were registered twice had requested an absentee ballot for each of their registrations. Some of them requested an absentee ballot for only one of their registrations, but this still allows for a second vote at the polls. The more creative voters registered at two different addresses, but some had both absentee ballots sent to the same post office box. We also found that a very successful registration drive had been conducted in the district. In one precinct over 400 voters were registered on October 7, and 392 of these new voters requested an absentee ballot on the same day.

As anyone who has read a newspaper knows, Bob Dornan lost this congressional seat by less than 1,000 votes. And within the 46th Congressional District is a part of California's 69th Assembly District, where Republican incumbent Jim Morrissey held his seat by only 92 votes.

We turned the report over to California Secretary of State Bill Jones. His office began working the very next day to determine if any of the duplicate registrations had resulted in people casting more than one ballot. However, despite his swift action, it will take weeks for his investigators to work through the lists we gave them.

With only 10 seats separating the majority from the minority in the House of Representatives, both Newt Gingrich and Dick Gephardt should be concerned about what we have found in this one Orange County district. At least 15 members of the 105th Congress, 2 of them in California, won their races by less than 1 per cent of the vote. And in the Senate there were also razor-thin margins of victory. Less than 6,000 votes separated the major candidates in Louisiana. In Georgia, South Dakota, and Oregon the winner of the Senate race was not known until days after the election, when the late absentee ballots had all been counted.

Congress must reform the National Voter Registration Act and restore some common-sense security to our election system. With races decided by margins of 0.2 per cent, and control of Congress determined by only 10 seats, we have the right to know that only eligible voters are voting and that they are casting only one vote each.

—KAREN SARANITA

Miss Saranita is the Executive Director of The Fair Elections Group, a non-profit research group based in Southern California.

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It is reason number four: immigration swells the Hispanic share of the total U.S. population. And if a more or less stable majority of a growing segment of the population votes Democratic, then the Democratic share of the *total* vote must increase. The White House is aware of this—which is why it told the Immigration and Naturalization Service to hurry up and naturalize new immigrants. Bob Dornan was not—which is why he was a strong supporter of the *Wall Street Journal*'s pro-immigration line (and is now out of office).

This effect—reason number five coming up—promises a *massive* shift of support from Republicans to Democrats for the foreseeable future if immigration continues at present rates. Current demographic projections (i.e., the Census Bureau's "middle series") forecast that the ethnic makeup of the U.S. in 2050 will be as follows: non-Hispanic whites, 53 per cent; blacks, 15 per cent; Hispanics, 21 per cent; and Asians, 10 per cent. If that had been America's ethnic shape in this election (and if ethnic groups had voted as they actually did), Clinton would have won 56 per cent of the popular vote instead of less than half. Indeed, applying those same criteria to the last seven presidential elections (and assuming that Asians would have split 60–40 to the GOP in those early elections where in fact there were too few of them for polls to separate out), Democrats would have won every election except 1972—and even then George McGovern would have got a respectable 47 per cent of the vote instead of his derisory 36 per cent.

For masochists in the audience, the hypothetical Democratic share of the vote would have been 59 per cent in 1976, 49 per cent in the three-way race of 1980, 52 per cent in Reagan's landslide year of 1984, 53 per cent in 1988 (Hail to the Chief Dukakis!), and just shy of a popular majority in three-way 1992, when Perot would have taken 16 per cent. It goes almost without saying that there would have been no Republican Congress throughout this period—as, indeed, there mostly wasn't.

So enjoy the Republican majority while it lasts—oh, say, another 15 years. Max.

The real kicker is that all these statistical predictions will have to be revised still further downward for the GOP if the immigration issue is successfully "racialized"—i.e., made into an issue of racial loyalty driving those Hispanics who favor lower immigration to sacrifice their convictions to their ethnic identity. Democrats and the Left use such tactics automatically—witness their ads in both the Proposition 187 and the CCRI debates. But they are given valuable cover and increased credibility by the Wall Street boosters who denounce those advocating lower levels of legal immigration, or changes in its rules, as "nativists," "immigrant-bashers," "Know-Nothings," etc. Conservatives should anyway be above that sort of politics. But some, doubtless weary of being abused as mean-spirited, uncompassionate, and racist, apparently want to demonstrate their virtue. It is a pity that the only way they know how to do so is by abusing other conservatives.

Far more important, the use by conservatives of such left-wing rhetoric—equivalent to throwing about the slur "racist" in the debate over racial preferences—poisons debate, encourages the media to demonize other conservatives, and in general legitimizes reverse-race-baiting as a political weapon. If it also persuades Hispanics that GOP advocates of immigration reform are anti-Hispanic bigots whom they should reject at the polls, the blame should fall squarely on the pro-immigration scaremongers.

In short, a moment's thought would have shown the absurdity of the *WSJ*–La Raza–Urban Institute argument that supporting high levels of immigration will benefit the GOP politically. But as A. E. Housman once remarked, thought is a painful process and a moment is a long time. □

Ordinary History

Our modern social historians often invoke Karl Marx, but have they read him?

JOHN PATRICK DIGGINS

THE National History Standards (NHS), a document that created a storm of controversy in 1994, compelling the Senate to vote overwhelmingly to condemn it, has been revised to the satisfaction of many of its critics. Yet the document still remains flawed conceptually, in part because it continues to reflect the "new social history" that has come almost to dominate the history profession in the United States. The shibboleth is "history from the bottom up," with attention to all those who had been forgotten in past historiography, specifically racial minorities, laborers, and women, and with emphasis on the ordinary rather than the exceptional.

The new social history focuses more on social relations than on political institutions, and it cannot readily deal with the nature of power, because that necessitates facing the question of success. For all their incantations of "class formation" in relation to labor history, social historians have yet to demonstrate how a class of people gains consciousness of its own interests, and how those at the bottom come together and take shape as a political force.

Furthermore, in the study of American history, the social historian appears to have focused his attention on the wrong class. Even Karl Marx, in whose name social historians frequently write, knew that it was not the working class but the middle classes that drove history along its progressive path. Social historians search the lower depths to find

The NHS seems to have no understanding that in America the dynamic of history is not from the bottom up but from the top down.

Mr. Diggins is Distinguished Professor of History at the CUNY Graduate School.

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"class consciousness," but it was the entrepreneurial-merchant class that actually carried out the historical task of liberation and modernization and self-actualization. Marx himself suggested in what sense the middle class is the protagonist of history by virtue of having a higher consciousness of what history has wrought: "Liberation from the point of view of the bourgeoisie—competition—was the only possible way during the eighteenth century to open up the individual to a new career and for freer development. The theoretical proclamation of this consciousness which corresponded to bourgeois practices, the consciousness of mutual exploitation as the general relation of all individuals to one another, was a daring and outspoken sign of progress, a secular *enlightenment* in relation to the political, patriarchal, religious, and sentimental embellishments of exploitation under feudalism."

In its reverence for early Africa and pre-Columbian America, the NHS seems to have no understanding that not only did America skip the feudal stage of history, but that in the United States the dynamic of history is not from the bottom up but from the top down. In the *Grundrisse* Marx wrote: "Capital's ceaseless striving toward the general form of wealth drives labor beyond the limits of its natural paltriness, and thus creates the material element for the development of the rich individuality which is as all-sided in its production as in its consumption, and whose labor also therefore appears no longer as labor, but as the full development of activity itself, in which natural necessity in its direct form has disappeared; because a historically created need has taken the place of the natural one. This is why *capital is productive;* i.e., *an essential relation for the development of the social productive forces.*"

Marx never mistook the liberating rise of capitalism for its later corporate manifestations; nor did he see the underdeveloped world offering anything that students living in modern societies need to learn about in respect to the meaning of power in the industrializing world. He reminded readers of the *New York Daily Tribune* "that the bourgeois period of history has to create the material basis of the new world. . . . Bourgeois industry and commerce create these material conditions of a new world in the same way as geological revolutions have created the surface of the earth."

The NHS offers teachers of American history the "great convergence" thesis, namely, that America had its founding in the coming together of three civilizations: fifteenth-century Islamic West Africa, pre-Columbian America, and Northern Europe, which opened up in the New World the age of exploration. Actually, the pre-modern world, rather than "converging" in America, remained imprisoned in a mentality of blind necessity. In the *Grundrisse* Marx describes "an utterly delightful cry of outrage on the part of a West Indian plantation owner." The owner, pleading for the reintroduction of black slavery, complains of how "the *Quashees* (the free blacks of Jamaica) content themselves with producing only what is strictly necessary for their own consumption, and, along side this 'use value,' regard loafing (indulgence and idleness) as the real luxury good; how they do not care a damn for the sugar and the fixed capital invested in the plantations, but rather observe the planters' impending bankruptcy with an ironic grin of malicious pleasure, and even exploit their acquired Christianity as an embellishment for this mood of malicious glee and indolence."

Why the absence of a work ethic? Marx recognized that pre-modern cultures are frozen at the level of brute domination, and he looked to the culture of capital to liberate existence from its inertness and natural necessity and to introduce industriousness and ambition—the very motives that are progressive and emancipatory, even if, in the end, as the Calvinists well realized, such alienated striving through the life of labor cannot redeem the world.

In view of the historical role of capitalism, at once heroic and tragic, how does the NHS appreciate the phenomenon? In the first version of the document students were asked to:

> Conduct a trial of John D. Rockefeller on the following charge: "The defendant had knowingly and willingly participated in an unethical and amoral business practice designed to undermine traditions of fair and open competition for personal aggrandizement in direct violation of the common welfare."

It is curious that the NHS Director seeks to have Rockefeller tried for undermining "fair and open competition," when he himself refused to allow onto the NHS review panel anyone who might have presented competing points of view on the character of American history. But we cannot make an individual responsible for convictions whose creature he culturally remains. □

Flower Power

Cuts in military forces have left the United States dangerously unprepared for war.

CASPAR W. WEINBERGER & PETER SCHWEIZER

SIX years ago half a million Americans were in the Persian Gulf theater, preparing to unleash Desert Storm. When the sword was finally drawn, Allied aircraft began pounding Iraqi forces, as one air commander noted, "like a tethered goat." And when land forces attacked, large portions of the Iraqi army were wiped out with only minimal Allied casualties in a ground war that lasted 100 hours. It was a devastating display of American power that demonstrated what a difference a decade-long commitment to excellence could make in a country's military prowess. But, as if a town cut the budget of a fire department that doused fires too quickly, America has embarked on a massive disarmament that would make a repeat of that stunning victory nearly impossible.

The Gulf War was fought with 2 Marine divisions, 7 active Army divisions, and combat brigades of 2 additional divisions. Today that commitment alone would exhaust all the army's

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10 active divisions, including those now deployed in Europe and Korea. "If we had to match the force we sent to Desert Storm," says Lt.-Gen. Paul E. Funk, commanding general of the Army's II Corps in Fort Hood, Texas, "we wouldn't have anything left in this country." Funk estimates that half the Army's 1990 combat power has disappeared.

Air power, which proved so critical to victory, is a fraction of what it was. During Desert Storm, the Air Force could draw from 34 fighter wings; that number is being reduced to 21. As for the Marine Corps, Major David Anderson, commanding officer of Combat Service Support Detachment at Cherry Point, N. C., complains that "we are approaching our threshold of effectiveness . . . the Marine Corps procurement budget is averaging only 50 per cent of the $1.2 billion it needs annually."

Since fiscal year 1985, military budgets have declined 35 per cent. Spending on research and development has been slashed 57 per cent, procurement by a whopping 71 per cent. Those funds that are allocated to the Pentagon have increasingly been diverted to non-military programs. During the past several years, the Pentagon has had to sacrifice operations and maintenance programs to pay for United Nations peacekeeping operations in Haiti, Bosnia, Iraq, and Somalia. Some $28 billion through FY1999 is to be spent by the Defense Department on environmental compliance and cleanup. Other funds are to be used for jobs programs that would upgrade the San Francisco Bay Area Rapid Transit system.

Even those Pentagon funds that are devoted to military programs go less for muscle than for "support." Analyst Harlan Ullman, in a recent study for the National Defense University, notes that the "teeth" of the defense budget—including strategic and general-purpose forces—now receive a smaller proportion of funds than ever before. In 1962, the teeth accounted for 55 per cent of the budget. Today that figure is but 37 per cent.

Meanwhile, the world continues to be a dangerous place. A growing number of enemies around the world could now visit destruction on the United States thanks to ballistic missiles carrying nuclear, biological, or chemical warheads. The Pentagon estimates that by the year 2000, 9 developing countries could have nuclear weapons, up to 30 could have chemical weapons, and 10 could have biological weapons.

And these projections could turn out to be highly optimistic. When the Gulf War began, American military planners had only 2 Iraqi nuclear targets on their hit list. But after the war, inspectors from the International Atomic Energy Agency identified 16 main facilities that should have been destroyed. What else is going on in the darkened corners of the world that we don't know about?

Intelligence has often been able to warn us of emerging threats. But the continued change in our intelligence policies will make timely warnings less likely. The intelligence budget has also been cut, and personnel have been shifted to diverse (some might say bizarre) tasks that have little to do with national security as it is traditionally understood. In 1993 the CIA had only 9 analysts left watching the Russian military—down from 125 only a few years earlier. Other resources designed to detect potential threats to America have been cut. So what exactly is the CIA spending its time monitoring? The bulk of its resources have been shifted to "global issues" including pollution, health, natural resources, and endangered species. Senior Clinton Administration official J. Brian Atwood recently noted with pride that the Defense Intelligence Agency was spending considerable resources examining the ecological deterioration of Lake Victoria in East Africa.

MOST of the discussion these days concerns conventional forces. Nuclear weapons are often dismissed as an anachronism of the Cold War. Yet nuclear forces are still central to our security. A Russia with an uncertain political future possesses an immense nuclear arsenal, and an increasingly assertive China adds to its force every year. As the list of nuclear powers expands, our nuclear weapons will take on an even greater importance.

"So much for humor being my most effective weapon."

Some $28 billion through FY1999 is to be spent by the Defense Department on environmental compliance.

Unfortunately, the United States has begun shutting down the infrastructure for maintaining its nuclear force. We now face a situation where not only can we not add to our stockpile, but the integrity of the current force may be threatened over the next decade.

In March 1993 the Department of Energy formally closed the Office of New Production Reactors, a body charged with assuring the nation's long-term supply of tritium. This action is typical of the Clinton Energy Department's publicity-seeking approach, which demonstrates more interest in releasing classified information than in keeping our nuclear arsenal reliable.

Tritium is a radioactive gas critical to the proper operation of every modern nuclear weapon in the American arsenal. It decays very rapidly, losing 50 per cent of its radioactive charge over 12 years. Unless it is periodically replaced, the nuclear weapons using it become useless. Because of the Clinton Administration's shutdown of our tritium program, we may be incapable of securing adequate supplies for a decade or more.

These shortcomings have already affected military morale. Reportedly, 17,000 enlisted soldiers are now on the welfare rolls. In 1994, the U.S. Marine Corps for the first time in 15 years failed to meet its recruiting goal. U.S. Air Force personnel have been regularly deployed overseas for as many as 150 to 180 days a year, well beyond the recommended 120-day maximum. This has caused a dramatic rise in family break-ups,

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alcoholism, and abuse. Poorly funded forces are the greatest impediment we face in retaining the best and brightest in the armed services. As former Congressman David McCurdy (D., Okla.) has put it, "It takes just as long to develop a lieutenant-colonel as it does to design and build a new weapon system; keeping our forces modern and ready is a critical component of preserving a core of talented leaders."

The United States prevailed historically because we could spend our way out of danger. When a threat emerged, we bought time until we were mobilized and able to respond. But that strategy will no longer work. Ballistic missiles coupled with weapons of mass destruction have compressed geographical distances; they might actually prevent United States forces from ever reaching the battlefield. The next war could be over by the time America is fully mobilized. □

Killing Fields

The anti-personnel mine is not a weapon, it is a crime against humanity. Why is it still used?

W. F. DEEDES

IN the long grasses of Cambodia, hidden under the rubble of Kabul, Afghanistan, and in a score of other countries, there lurks the world's cruelest soldier, indiscriminately killing and maiming innocent men, women, and children. If the world were able to focus on the carnage wrought on some of the poorest people on earth by the anti-personnel mine, there would be international uproar.

But the anti-personnel mine strikes singly, not in headline-grabbing massacres. None of us hear about the old woman gathering firewood in Mozambique who is suddenly struck down. There is no report of the child who loses her life in Angola while fetching water for her family. Nobody hears their cries. Nobody sees their bodies.

In a 1994 State Department report, it was reckoned that anti-personnel mines claimed some 2,000 victims a month. The International Committee of the Red Cross has estimated that 900 of these casualties result in death. That is among the more dependable figures.

For the rest, nobody knows for sure how many million mines are scattered around the Third World, nor how many millions more remain stockpiled for use in the future. It is a certainty, however, that more mines have been laid in former Yugoslavia and elsewhere in the last few years than all the de-mining teams in the world have yet managed to pick up.

So this scourge will be with us for a long time to come. Thousands of people will be killed, thousands more will lose limbs; and, to judge from the abortive outcome of the recent conference reviewing the 1980 UN Inhumane Weapons Convention, most industrial nations of the world have no serious intention of altering their course.

Professional defenders of the anti-personnel mine in countries like Britain and America have learned a language all their own, calculated to convey the best of intentions while stopping well short of any fundamental change of policy. The next review conference is to be held in five years' time. By then, according to the United Kingdom Working Group on Landmines, another 50,000 human beings will have been killed and 80,000 more injured by landmines.

Nor is that all. What appalls those of us who visit mine-laden countries are the millions of acres which have been sterilized by mines or fear of mines, and so are denied to those who earn their living off the land. What is the future of a refugee who, after long exile, returns to his village, only to find the land infested with mines? The chances are that he will set about trying to clear what he can. A high proportion of casualties in Cambodia have been inflicted on people who *knew* they were in dangerous zones but did not feel they could afford to abandon their land.

It has been reckoned that a mine which costs $3 to purchase and almost nothing to lay costs between $200 and $1,000 to clear. The United Nations maintains about 5,000 de-miners in the field; but in the last recorded year they managed to lift only 85,000 mines. It was estimated that during the same period some 2.5 million new mines were laid.

Given these limitations, I believe that even as we campaign for a ban on these mines, non-governmental organizations should play a bigger role in mine-awareness education, starting with schoolchildren from the age of seven. Earlier this year I saw such work being undertaken by CARE International, the Atlanta-based aid and development organization. Unquestionably, more work in this field could reduce casualties.

WHAT drove me to campaign against these mines at an unlikely age for crusades was what I have witnessed in some Third World hospitals. A man seized with a heart attack in Piccadilly Circus or on Manhattan's 44th Street can reckon on an ambulance reaching him fairly quickly and the best of care in the nearest hospital. There is no prospect of that for victims of mines.

The accident is most likely to happen in a remote area. If the victim has not been killed outright, the probable result is loss of the leg below or above the knee, together with other, incidental injuries. The explosion, which has the effect of driving detritus into the shattered limb, may arrest bleeding for half an hour; but not many of those wounded in Third Wold countries can count on practical help, let alone treatment, within that space of time. I have seen victims being taken to the hospital on bicycles.

A high proportion of casualties in Cambodia have been inflicted on people who knew *they were in dangerous zones.*

In what passes for emergency rooms in some of these places, the surgeons are

(Continues on page 60)

Mr. Deedes is a columnist and a former editor of the London Daily Telegraph.

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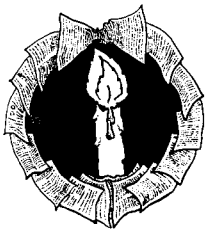
THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON



Greetings, Friends!

Tipper Gore, who gave no reason,
Decided to celebrate this holiday season
And replace the usual family Christmas letter—
You know the one? With a Xeroxed header:
"How the Gores spent the year that's waning"
(You know how: they were all campaigning!)—
With a little rhyme, a Christmas corker,
An idea borrowed from The New Yorker.

Ninety-six brought the giddy knowledge
That Al could say to the Electoral College
When the tally is what the tally must be:
"You like me! You really, really like me!"
Tipper, though thrilled with the second hitch,
Doesn't want to come off like a rhymes-with-rich
And is preparing to do a Liddy Dole,
So, no, she'll have no "formal role."

The kids are fine; each one is thriving.
Karenna's job hunting, Sara is surviving
The SATs and the Achievement Test,
While on Saturdays Al Jr. does his best
To show his savvy: with great aplomb
He turns our Tipper into a Soccer Mom.
Kristin is busy with her college choice,
And has made it clear, in a tone of voice
And with certain words that we can't go printin':
She will not be roommates with Chelsea Clinton.

But enough about us! This is supposed to be a letter of thanks
To all of our friends at Indonesian banks.
Warm the bourbon and stir the toddy
For our old pal James Riady!
Pop the cork and bang the gong:
We've found Mr. Moneybags—the Elusive Huang!
So give out a yell, shout out a whoop
For friends of the friends of the Lippo Group!
And thank them for sharing their prosperity,
But what exactly they do is a mystery to me.

(Don't let our good cheer or flip tone offend ya—
Campaign Finance Reform is on our agenda.
And stop pointing fingers; don't play the fool.
Remember what happened to big fella Jewell?)

Let's not stop there! Let the thanking continue
Until the spirit of gratitude is surging in you.

Poor Dick Morris and his upside-down life—
Not as upside-down as his unfortunate wife,
I mean the one in Connecticut, not the one in Texas—
I think there's only two, I'll check Lexis/Nexis—
He deserves our thanks. He was loyal and stout.
(At least until his book comes out.)

So thank you Dick! The ideological mickeys
That you slipped Stephanopoulos and Ickes
Did the trick. They were silent as stone,
Until the polls closed in the Pacific Time Zone.
It was your work, my friend, to you goes the credit,
I'm only sorry that you'll never be feted.
I remember the day you strode into the room,
And broke through the mire and lifted the gloom,
You scrawled a few words on the whiteboard beside you.
"Listen up," you shouted. "Let these five words guide you."
You tapped the whiteboard with the pen's plastic tip,
And with five little words you rescued the ship:
Newt's a wacko;
Ban tobacco.

(Keep in touch; don't be a stranger.
I don't think my nomination's in any danger,
But just in case—it's a no-brainer—
I'm enclosing a hefty four-year retainer.)

Thank you, Bob Reich, and a bouquet of flowers
To the rest of the gang that's off to the showers.
"Know when to say when" is a saying we know.
There's no shame in quitting—are you listening, Miss Reno?

So greetings to all, and to all a big thanks.
We think of you as our '00 piggy banks.
May '97 for all be finer and sweeter.
(Just throw out all direct mail from the Minority Leader.)

From the entire Gore clan, we wish you good cheer,
During the holiday season and the coming New Year,
Friends and family and presents fantastic,
Under a Christmas tree made of recycled plastic.

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Numero Uno

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

IF I were to say of Mr. Buckley's latest compendium that it is not at all an anodyne work, I could fairly be indicted for gross meiosis. Even a necessarily truncated review, such as this brief epitome, cannot offer more than a meager adumbration of this kaleidoscopic omnium gatherum. What an epiphany it is, to share his eudaemonia! What a nimiety of logomachical riches have we here! I am quite undone.

No kidding. For any lover of the English language, *The Right Word* is surely the nicest Christmas present that could be imagined. The work is exactly as described on the cover: It is "About the Uses and Abuses of Language, and about Vocabulary; about Usage, Style & Speaking; Fiction, Diction, Dictionaries; with Reviews and Interviews; a Lexicon; on Latin & Letters, Eloquence & Journalism; and More."

Hey! What happened to the comma that should have been inserted after "Style"? Buckley insists on the serial comma. But never mind. Let us not quibble over a debatable comma. Let us move the debate to a broader plain and engage the issue of Hard Words. We have fought this fight before.

Buckley: The Right Word, by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., edited by Samuel S. Vaughan (Random House, 524 pp., $28)

First, a word of praise and thanks to Samuel S. Vaughan, Bill's longtime editor. It is easy to imagine with what cheerful zest he put this collection together; and one can imagine with what regret he put a hundred excerpts to one side. Mr. Vaughan undertook this labor *con amore*, and all language lovers are in his debt.

Second, a caveat or two. I have known and loved my brother Buckley for nigh on forty years. He wrote an overly generous foreword for one of my books. Such is his forgiving nature that he long ago absolved me for running the *Suzie Wong* into a pine tree one moonlit night on the Inland Waterway. I have pardoned him for once asking for A-1 sauce to put on my wife's prime

filet mignon. In our correspondence, I address him always as Numero Uno. In brief, we are friends.

You will thus understand that I find it difficult to say an unkind word about Buckley the writer. Difficult, yes; but not impossible. I can say plenty of unkind words about his incurable cacoethes (hah! means "uncontrollable desire") to employ words that are familiar to him but are unfamiliar to the rest of the human race.

Let the gentleman speak to his own defense: "I am often accused of an inordinate reliance on unusual words, and desire to defend myself against the insinuation that I write as I do simply to prove that I have returned recently from the bowels of a dictionary with a fish in my mouth." (Block that metaphor, Bill!)

> It is a curious thing, this universal assumption . . . that the American people are either unaware of the unusual word or undisposed to hear it and find out what it means, thus broadening not merely their vocabulary—that isn't the important thing—but their conceptual and descriptive powers. Those who say that the average American is incapable of appreciating the meaning of the word "energumen" are, in my humble judgment, nuts.

In my own humble judgment, Bill Buckley never rendered an humble judgment in his life. He continues:

> The point about unusual words is that they are as necessary to philosophy, economics, aesthetics, and political science as they are necessary in the world of higher mechanics. . . . It is possible, I suppose, to describe the refinements of an Astrojet fan injection through-ventilated engine in words understandable to me, but the exercise is not often resorted to because the manufacturers assume a level of mechanical literacy, even as they assume that those who do not have it ought not to set the standards for those who do have it.

A few years ago, Bill remarked in a column that a Yale professor was "the political liberal *à outrance*." Critics pecked at him for this flash of peacock feathers. He responded:

> Why should a syndicated columnist use the word? That word, and a hundred or so others, are a part of my *working* vocabulary, even as a C augmented eleventh chord with a raised ninth can be said to be an operative resource of the performing jazz pianist . . .
>
> Because just as the discriminating ear greets gladly the C augmented eleventh, when just the right harmonic moment has come for it, so the fastidious eye encoun-

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Mr. Kilpatrick writes a hebdomadal column on the Supreme Court and a hebdomadal column on the writing art. He is semi-retired and lives in Charleston, South Carolina.

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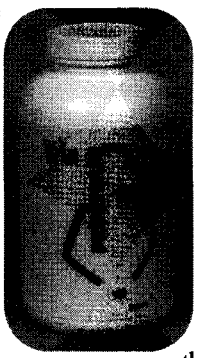

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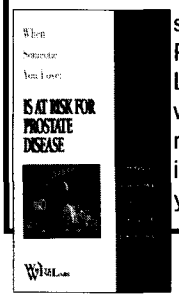

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ters the word that says exactly what the writer wished not only said but conveyed.

And what of the reader who misses the harmonic moment? Well, says Numero Uno, he can ignore the unfamiliar word; he can attempt to divine its meaning from the context; or he can look it up. If the poor fellow attempts to look up "energumen," by the way, he will have to go to *Webster's III*, for the word does not appear in desk dictionaries or in the *Random House Unabridged* either. Let 'em eat *Webster's*!

Newspapers, Bill contends, have a cultural and educational obligation beyond the mere reporting of news. The very idea of carrying a column by Art Buchwald or a satirical strip by Garry Trudeau presupposes that the performer should use the full range of his relevant skills. "Surely there is a corner, in spacy papers that carry five pages of sports, for Addison and Steele?"

Now, there is a good deal there to agree with, and a good deal there to dispute. Let me revert to his comment that the author of a manufacturer's manual on jet engines "assumes a level of mechanical literacy" on the part of his readers. Exactly so. Such an assumption lies at the very heart of the communicative art.

Every person who writes or speaks for a living must begin his task with certain assumptions. The preacher assumes a certain level of Biblical literacy. The reporter who covers Congress assumes that his readers know what is meant by a partisan vote. If I were writing for *Tennis* magazine, I would not think it necessary to define the term "ace." My brother speaks in the vocabularies of sailing and of music. When he writes in these vocabularies he assumes that his readers know the difference between a capstan and a mizzenmast; he assumes they know an augmented eleventh when they hear it. Fair enough. But in his quotidian columns, he assumes too much. I am reminded of frog gigging: fun for the boys but hell on the frogs. Bill has more fun than a 'coon in a corn patch, but often he doesn't *convey*. And that, after all, is why we write.

I write a weekly column on the Supreme Court. (That's a hebdomadal column, incidentally; Bill writes semi-hebdomadally, twice a week.) My column is aimed at the general readership of the 220 papers that carry it. I could write that the High Court granted a writ of certiorari in a qui tam case on October 15, as in fact it did, but would it not be more useful—and equally accurate—to say that on October 15 the court agreed to review a case brought by a whistleblower?

Bill Buckley has more fun than a 'coon in a corn patch, but often he doesn't convey. *And that, after all, is why we write.*

The problem is that Bill writes *solely* for the discriminating ear and the fastidious eye. In the thousand-word lexicon that concludes *The Right Word*, he lists and defines some of the hard words that he regularly uses *in his column*. The list includes: "albescent," "analogue," "attican," "auto-da-fé," "avatar," "cartesian," "chiliastic," "credenda," "deracination," "dithyrambic," "dysgenically," "epigoni," "eremitical," "eschatological," "excogitation," "ferula," "*fons et origo*," "fusilier," "hegemonic," "periphrastic," "satyagraha," "tergiversation," and "velleity."

I ask you, what is gained in *communication* by speaking of the politician who tergiversates? The fellow *waffles*, or *flip-flops*, or *reneges*. Why not say so? Perhaps the discriminating ear can catch a distinction between satyagraha and passive disobedience, but surely such fastidious eyes are very few.

My objection, I suppose, is mostly a complaint *pro bono publico*. My brother is entitled to define the audience for which he writes and to aim at a relatively few eyes and ears. The pity is that he has so very much to say that is worth saying, and so often he casts his pearls of political wisdom before uncomprehending swine.

There is far more to *The Right Word* than an exercise in firming the abs and pecs of our vocabularies. Bill says some sensible things about the moribund subjunctive mood. He deplores excessive use of the bangmark (!). He turns around beautifully on the theme of cadence and the rhythm and sound of words. He once was asked why he used "irenic" when he might more comprehensibly have used "peaceful." "I needed an extra syllable," he replied. This I understand completely.

Editor Samuel Vaughan has included full texts of several memorable interviews. There are stimulating excerpts from *Firing Line* programs. The controversy over Bill's book *Overdrive* gets full exposition, including an hilarious parody of a day in the life of the author. Bill is the most gifted writer of obituaries in the country; his essays on the deaths of his mother and his sister Aloïse are classics in the genre.

Running through the whole collection are highly quotable citations of the Buckley wit at work. He baits such eminent bears as Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and J. Kenneth Galbraith. He speaks of John Oakes, who retired some years ago as editorial-page editor of the *New York Times*, "and is understandably melancholy about having to live in a world whose shape is substantially of his own making." Such professional cynics as Drew Pearson "are doing what comes naturally to them when they ascribe venal motives to their victims, venal motives being the gas on which they fuel their engines."

I am among my brother's most devoted readers. I have a shelf of his novels; I delight in *Firing Line*, and I have read the bihebdomadal NATIONAL REVIEW from its inception, but at least half of the material in this book is new to me.

Eight years ago Mr. Vaughan interviewed my brother for *The Paris Review*. The conversation turned to the speed with which Bill turns out a column. Once he has finished the research, the job is done in half an hour. Bill turned reflective:

> Writing, if it's done at all, has to yield net satisfaction. But that satisfaction is long after the foreplay. I'm not saying that I wish I were otherwise engaged professionally. I'm simply saying that writing is terribly hard work. But it doesn't follow at all that because it's hard work, it's odd that it's done so quickly. I think that's quite natural. If writing is pain, which it is to me, it should follow that the more painful the exercise is, the more quickly you want to get on with it.

I can attest to Bill's speed. We have covered many national political conventions together. We were in San Francisco in 1964 when he excused himself

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from the party that was going on in the parlor of his hotel suite. His wife, Pat, was entertaining John Dos Passos, and vice versa. Bill retreated to the bathroom, sat on the edge of the tub, put his typewriter on the john, and in twenty minutes turned out a superb column on the Goldwater nomination.

Bill's copy is not flawless. He occasionally misplaces an *only*. Now and then he loses us in the S-curves of his parentheses. Sometimes his subordinate clauses look as if they had just fallen off a truck. But so what? As he himself would say, *quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.* Asleep or awake, my brother Buckley is *sui generis*. You could look it up. □

The Model of a Modern

HUGH KENNER

VICTORIAN poets, Browning excepted, disdained cohesive sentences; cohesion was for prose, whereas maundering was deemed a Tennysonian virtue:

O not to pry and peer on your reserve,
But led by golden wishes, and a hope
The child of regal compact, did I break
Your precinct; not a scorner of your sex
But venerator, zealous it should be
All that it might be . . .

—and so for a dozen more lines till the full stop (*The Princess*, 1847). Whereas here's a Victorian non-poet:

Now, Jurymen, hear my advice—
All kinds of vulgar prejudice
I pray you set aside:
With stern judicial frame of mind
From bias free of every kind,
This trial must be tried.

—W. S. Gilbert, 1875. And not "poetry," of course, because, ah, "light verse." It's a point to ponder that clean syntax marked the century's verse only when "light," all the way back to Hookham Frere's 1840 translations of Aristophanes. You weren't "poetic" till you set minds meandering? Gilbert would live to put up with that order of opinion.

W. S. Gilbert: A Classic Victorian & His Theatre, by Jane W. Stedman (Oxford, 416 pp., $30)

The Complete Annotated Gilbert & Sullivan, edited by Ian Bradley (Oxford, 1,216 pp., $39.95)

Jane Stedman, who says her aim in her biography of Gilbert was "to reconstruct the life of a nineteenth-century man of the theater," describes the reception of the doctoral dissertation that preceded it: "But Jane, do you not agree that the glory of the nineteenth century is its poetry and fiction, not its drama?" That's a prejudice she ascribes to Bernard Shaw's "dismissal of the theater from which he himself rose, kicking down the ladder behind him as he went." Then she goes on to tell us that Gilbert (1836–1911) had managed to become "the standard by which the young Bernard Shaw was measured," was moreover

> a dramatist who was the most important author of stage comedy between Sheridan and Shaw; a dramatist produced and stimulated by the Victorian theater; a man whose old age as a country gentleman the *New York Times* said was "the most English thing that has happened since Shakespeare

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planted his mulberry tree and applied for a coat-of-arms."

We may add that he was as accomplished a caricaturist as his age produced (Miss Stedman's page 21 offers a complex wonder); was a prolific and astonishing light-verse writer whose *Bab Ballads* the reserved Max Beerbohm was to describe as "a riot"; was even (Miss Stedman again) "a man of broader practical theatrical experience than any other important dramatist—for not even Shakespeare designed costumes for his own plays. Gilbert often did, and supervised the sets as well."

A qualified lawyer, he did little in that line. By age 32 he'd achieved "a storm of approbation" for a burlesque called *Robert the Devil*, which would run in the provinces for some three years. It was derived from an "accident-prone" Meyerbeer opera. He published the *Bab Ballads* the same year. By 1875, when *Trial by Jury* opened, with music by Arthur Sullivan, in a triple bill with an Offenbach comic opera and somebody's farce called, if you can believe it, *Cryptoconchoid Syphonostomata*, Gilbert's stage experience was enviably extensive. Some would judge Sullivan to be demeaning himself; he had written music for *The Tempest* and *The Merchant of Venice*, had set "Onward, Christian Soldiers" to the tune it's still sung to, was even "collecting and being collected by the Royals, especially the Duke of Edinburgh, whose Duchess had improvised the butterfly net which hung over Sullivan's mantelpiece." Yet he "screamed with laughter as Gilbert read the libretto aloud," and their finished collaboration was on the boards in three weeks. As Sullivan once remarked in a letter, he "always knew at a glance whether he could set any particular words," and at 39 Gilbert knew in his bones how to write words that were settable.

The libretto has "no conventional romantic leads and no real love at all":

> Before the trial for breach of promise opens, Edwin, the Defendant, tells the Jury that, while he once loved Angelina ("My riches at her feet I threw") he has by now become "Another's love-sick boy." In turn, the Plaintiff attempts to make them increase the damages. . . . The Judge . . . to expedite matters, decides to marry Angelina himself. Although Edwin wonders if "They'll live together . . . In manner true?," the cantata ends ebulliently as plaster cupids in Bar wigs descend from the flies.

Typical Gilbert, in short; one critic noticed that when the Plaintiff entered with her bridesmaids in wedding attire, "It was a real wedding ring." And Sullivan's music "bubbled with wit and good humor and parodies of Handel and Italian opera." The *Times* thought score and words to have "proceeded simultaneously from the same brain" and even mentioned the precedent of Wagner. And Gilbert was judged to have ventured "into fields where no previous dramatists have entered. . . . He says things which many of us may have thought, but which no one has dared express." Those words echo words of Alexander Pope's, and had reviewers been scribbling in 1605, words like them might have been applied to *King Lear*.

Clean syntax marked the century's verse only when 'light.' You weren't 'poetic' till you set minds meandering?

Yes, Gilbert's themes were hampered by Victorian prejudice. His 1874 play called *Charity* questioned the convention that rules of chastity, framed for women, did not apply to men; it implied also that education and good example set middle-class standards the less fortunate ought not be judged by. (Late in life, as magistrate, he would always ask himself, "What chance in life has this man had?") As a writer, though, he could only assert that "motley's our only wear nowadays," because "pieces written with anything like an earnest purpose seldom seem to succeed." In the comic operas, for some 15 years, his motley and Sullivan's were alike incomparable. Latterly they quarreled and quarreled—it's a long and complicated story, which has them quarreling even over the expense of a carpet—and after about '96 they did not speak to each other again.

Sullivan was knighted in Queen Victoria's lifetime, Gilbert only after she had died. (Still, no one, he could remark with pleasure, had been knighted for writing plays before.) What he and Sullivan achieved, though, has endured for more than a century. The scope of their achievement richly merits the care a biographer and an editor have now bestowed. □

Mr. Kenner teaches English at the University of Georgia.

Good Old Books I

The Joys of Re-Reading

FLORENCE KING

"CHARACTER," said J. C. Watts, "is doing the right thing when nobody is watching." Recommending books is a golden opportunity to do the sublime thing while everybody is watching, which is why so many book lists kick off with the Bible or *War and Peace* and pitch "the complete works of" with such lofty certitude.

Oh, please. Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he could read the complete works of Sir Walter Scott? Nobody has read all of Scott except Scott, and that only because he had to read proof.

I've read my share of classics and reviewed countless new books in the last 15 years, but the books I enjoy most are old favorites that I re-read when I'm too tired to do anything else but not tired enough to go to bed. Most are out of print now, but they sold so many copies in their day that they continue to turn up regularly in used-book stores. They might be a little dog-eared but they still make good stocking stuffers. If your loved ones object to secondhand presents, keep the old books and get some new loved ones.

■ "It was on an afternoon in May of 1844 that the letter came from Dragonwyck." I challenge anyone to read

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that opening sentence and put this novel down. Its structure is flawless. By the end of the first page we know who the heroine is, her age, her appearance, where she lives, and what she's like—all the things that Joan Didion may or may not get around to revealing by the last page of hers. My initial reaction to Anya Seton's *Dragonwyck* (1944) corroborates the feminist group on the Internet who called me an elitist psychopath. The villain of this gothic tale is Nicholas Van Ryn, a reactionary Hudson River patroon who murders his wife with oleander leaves ground up in a nutmeg mill, but the first time I read it at the age of 13 I thought he was the hero and didn't realize my mistake for several years.

The aristocratic Nicholas is still my idea of Mr. Right, and so is the real-life enemy of populist democracy who makes a cameo appearance in the book: James Fenimore Cooper.

■ Another favorite Anya Seton novel is *Katherine* (1954), about the love affair between John of Gaunt, the ambitious younger son of Edward III, and Lady Katherine Swynford, whose four bastard children became the progenitors of the York and Tudor lines in fulfillment of the ancient prophecy, "Thou shalt get kings though thou be none." Richly descriptive of medieval life, the story dramatizes major events of late-fourteenth-century England—the Black Plague, the Lollard heresy, the storming of the Savoy palace in the Peasants' Revolt—and presents a brilliant fictional portrait of Katherine's brother-in-law, Geoffrey Chaucer.

Like many who read *Katherine* the year it came out, I thought Charlton Heston and Susan Hayward should star in the movie, but it was never made, probably because Katherine lived openly as John's mistress and produced those four bastards. They were legitimized by Richard II when John married Katherine late in life, but even so, this movie wasn't possible in the Fifties. Ironically, the sex scenes in the book achieve an exquisite balance between eroticism and sweetness that isn't possible in the Nineties.

■ The town in *Kings Row* was modeled on Fulton, Missouri, which erupted when native son Henry Bellamann published his 1941 novel of sex and sadism in the heartland. Fulton got better press in 1946 when Winston Churchill made his "iron curtain" speech at its Westminster College (Aberdeen College in the book), but by then Ronald Reagan's performance in the movie had immortalized another line of demarcation.

Reagan's character is far from the only medical victim in the book. Omitted from the movie are Patty Graves, who becomes a fanatic housekeeper after Dr. Gordon spays her; Ludie Sims, the complaisant grass widow whose face is disfigured after Dr. Gordon treats her earache; and the excitable Lucy Carr, who dies after Dr. Gordon gives her a sedative.

In contrast to Dr. Gordon's busy HillaryCare practice, Dr. Alexander Q. Tower has no patients at all, just a worn shingle flapping outside his gloomy house. In the movie Dr. Tower shoots himself after poisoning his daughter Cassandra to save her from the insanity she has inherited from her mother, but that's a toned-down Hollywood version of what happens in the book. My lips are sealed. Suffice to say that *Kings Row* is immensely satisfying to read during political campaigns when the Trad Vals pile up too high.

■ Betty Smith's first novel, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,* was such a smash hit that her later work was never fully appreciated. My favorite is her third novel, *Maggie-Now* (1957). As usual it's set in pre–World War I Brooklyn, but for once we get a Smith heroine who is not a compulsive reader.

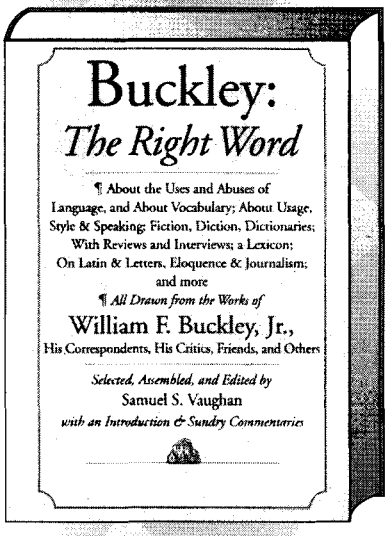
Maggie Moore (her childhood reprimand, "Maggie, now," becomes her nickname) is a simple Irish-Catholic girl who wants only to marry a good man and have children. But along comes Claude Basset, a Protestant-agnostic college graduate with an ironic wit that goes over her head and a wanderlust she doesn't find out about until after she marries him.

The O. Henry–like twist here is the blissful marriage of this mismatched pair. Under normal conditions they would grow to hate each other, but their strange modus vivendi inadvertently keeps the dew on the rose.

Claude lives with Maggie in Brooklyn during the cold months and takes off as soon as the weather turns warm. She doesn't know where he goes but he always comes back, and when he does it's like a honeymoon again. They go on like this for years, until Claude finds

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

FROM A GRAND MASTER OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—


Buckley:
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what he's looking for, and the provincial Maggie, her vistas expanded by their unconventional life, is able at last to understand him.

■ Sisterhood eludes feminist novelists, but it fairly leaps off the pages of Gwen Bristow's *Jubilee Trail* (1950), a good girl/bad girl western in which the male characters are all satellites.

Garnet Cameron of Washington Square, a privileged daughter of Old Knickerbocker society who won the politeness medal at finishing school, and Florinda Grove, a dancehall girl on the lam from a murder rap, are members of a covered wagon train headed for California.

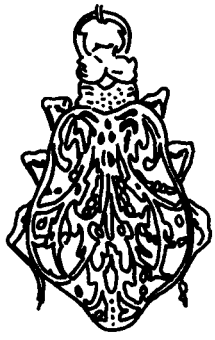
Garnet soon loses confidence in her handsome but weak young bridegroom and turns to Florinda for companionship. Together they do men's work—shooting, dressing game, building fires, reading Indian prints, and fighting off the savage hordes. When Garnet takes an arrow in the shoulder, Florinda helps in the cauterization even though she has a terror of fire and hideously burned hands from a mysterious incident in her past. Each crisis they meet together increases their mutual admiration. They learn to take pride in their strength, both moral and physical, especially the ladylike Garnet, who can't help gloating, "The men I used to dance with—I could break them in two."

If your loved ones object to secondhand presents, keep the old books and get some new loved ones.

Much, much more happens—Garnet's husband is murdered, she and Florinda open a saloon, etc.—but her ultimate liberated moment comes when she contemplates her cauterized wound: "She was going to be proud of that scar when she got back to New York. She was glad she had been wounded in the arm, instead of some unmentionable spot that she could not boast about."

■ Henry Morton Robinson touches on partial-birth abortion in *The Cardinal* (1950), except that it's called a "craniotomy" and involves crushing the skull while the entire baby is still in the womb.

Father Stephen Fermoyle's brother-in-law is a Catholic doctor who loses his hard-won residency at a Protestant hospital when he refuses to perform the operation. Later on, when Steve's erring sister Monica is taken in labor to the same hospital, he must decide whether to let them kill the baby to save her life. He cannot, and gives her the last rites as the baby is born.



The Cardinal opens in 1915 and traces Steve's rise from Boston parish priest to prince of the church. My favorite parts are the behind-the scenes accounts of how the Vatican works, and the descriptions of the Roman contessa's salon: a hierarchy of ecclesiastical guests, their rank denoted by the colors of their flowing capes and birettas (the book answers all the Protestant questions about vestments), soignée women kissing rings, learned Jesuits swapping bons mots, and Cardinal Merry del Val capping quotations from Horace while juggling oranges. That's what I call a party. It's enough to make me religious.

■ Today we have constipated little novels that tell the story of a three-hour car trip. In 1942 we had *The Valley of Decision* by Marcia Davenport. It begins with 15-year-old Mary Rafferty's first day as a maid in the Scott family's Pittsburgh mansion in 1873, and ends with her listening to the news of Pearl Harbor with a Scott great-granddaughter.

In between, Mary becomes the mainstay of the Scotts. As strong as the steel they produce, she devotes her life to bringing out the best in them, saving them from themselves, and loving Paul Scott even though she must withhold herself from him in penance for the terrible event that keeps them from marrying.

This novel has everything: sex amid the Johnstown Flood, labor-union strife, an expatriate adventuress, a playboy turned monk, a society wife who goes mad, a Czech violinist fleeing the Nazis. And if all this weren't enough, the author even keeps us glued to the page when she describes the operation of the open-hearth furnace, a tour de force of "writing like a man" that won her high praise from male reviewers in that benighted pre-feminist age.

I could go on, but I've reached my word limit and it's 3:00 A.M. so I'm going to have a drink and unwind with *Forever Amber*. Its descriptions of seventeenth-century London goldsmiths allow economists to skip the sex and read the good parts. □

Good Old Books II

Laugh and You Laugh Alone

TERRY TEACHOUT

'TIS the season to be jolly, Bill Clinton or no Bill Clinton. Unfortunately, some chronically morose folks on the Right have been finding it difficult of late to raise a smile over the decline and fall of Western civilization. It figures: dying is easy, comedy is hard. So in the interests of attitude adjustment, let me recommend a stockingful of comic novels suitable for holiday consumption and gift-giving. Put down your copies of *Slouching towards Gomorrah*, fellow pessimists, and repeat after me: Where there are laughs, there is hope.

For the benefit of those new to the genre, let's start with a run through the classics: if you haven't read Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim*, Peter De Vries's *Madder Music*, Nancy Mitford's *The Pursuit of Love*, Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*, or P. G. Wodehouse's *Uncle Fred in the Springtime*, stop here and start there. Each of these is paralyzingly funny, all are readily available, and there's plenty more where they came from.

Mr. Teachout is the music critic of Commentary *and writes the "Front Row Center" column for* Civilization.

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Assuming you already know your way around the ample oeuvres of Waugh, Wodehouse & Co., I offer a half-dozen slightly more recherché suggestions:

■ *The Dud Avocado*, by Elaine Dundy: Anyone capable of marrying Kenneth Tynan *must* have had a sense of humor, and Elaine Dundy's first book, originally published in 1958, proves the point. It's the stock *Wanderjahr* plot, transposed into a female key: Sally Jay Gorce, young, fairly innocent, and full of beans, heads for Paris in search of romance and adventure, gets more of both than she bargained for, and in the process makes modest headway toward maturity. The plot is helter-skelter and the end trails off into vapor, but the narrator's utterly feminine voice redeems all: "To have an affair with a man, and one's very *first* affair at that, just because he picks you up under rather romantic circumstances on the Champs-Elysées, takes you to the Ritz and things, and above all, because you're impressed with the fact that he has a wife *and* a mistress already, what could be more predictable? Tourist Second-Year Disorganized."

■ *Pictures from an Institution*, by Randall Jarrell (1954): This savage satire of life at a progressive women's college circa 1954 is so good, it made Whittaker Chambers laugh. Some characters are drawn from life (Mary McCarthy among them), but you don't need a scorecard to get the point, for every liberal fallacy of our time is here made as flesh: "The trouble with women, people say, is that they take everything personally; Flo took nothing personally. If she had been told that Benton, *and* Jerrold, *and* John, *and* Fern, *and* the furniture had been burned to ashes by the head of the American Federation of Labor, who had then sown salt over the ashes, she would have sobbed, and sobbed, and said at last—she could do no other—'I think that we ought to hear *his* side of the case before we make up our minds.'"

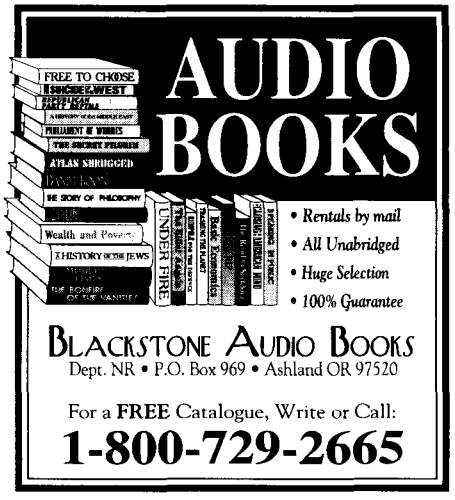
■ *Father Malachy's Miracle*, by Bruce Marshall (1931; hopelessly out of print, alas, though Ignatius Press will surely do something about that one of these days—in the meantime, try your local library): This lovely, all-but-forgotten book tells the story of what happens when an easily exasperated priest, vexed to the utmost limits of his endurance by the invincible ignorance of the heathen multitude, requests God to confound them all definitively and simultaneously by working a jumbo miracle in broad daylight—and God obliges, leaving the world agog. Libertarians of the village-atheist school should skip this case study in the Law of Unintended Consequences, but everyone else will find it just about perfect.

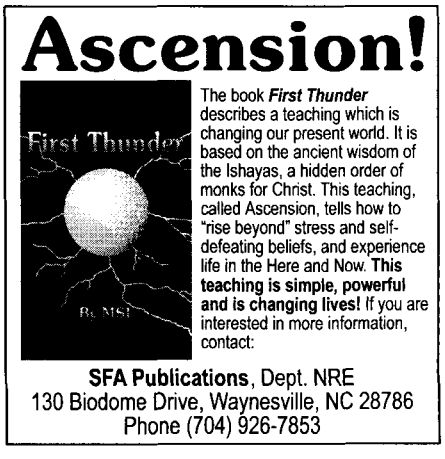
■ *The Locusts Have No King*, by Dawn Powell (1948): Long a fixture on short lists of Most Underrated American Novelists, Dawn Powell finally got lucky last year when Steerforth published her diaries and started reissuing her wicked novels. This is the best of the lot, a caustic tale of frustrated love and inadvertent success in postwar New York. Open at random and you'll strike gold every time: "Drama critics in the city, she often said, were like an old married couple; they had lived together so long they looked and thought alike, they disagreed only on the details of the funeral—burial or cremation? They compared plays with other plays, never with life, for they sent the second-string reviewers to that; a play was true to 'life' if it conformed to other plays on the same subject. Life, in fact, was a lady in front asked to remove her hat so they could see the play."

Randall Jarrell's savage satire of life at a progressive women's college is so good, it made Whittaker Chambers laugh.

■ *Max Jamison*, by Wilfrid Sheed (1970; out of print—direct complaints to Farrar, Straus—but fairly easy to track down in used-book stores): Speaking of critics, here's a minor miracle: a comic novel about a famously ferocious drama critic for a weekly news magazine who awakes one day to find himself athwart a five-alarm spiritual crisis. ("Closing the *Times* was the end of his religious observance for the day. He wished real religion wasn't quite so damn impossible. There was a need for it that the *Times* didn't really fill.") As Sheed proves yet again, there's no Catholic like a lapsed Catholic: Max Jamison's dilemma is made all the more poignant by the author's sneaking suspicion that there's no way out.

■ *The Hot Rock*, by Donald E. Westlake: After the dry martini, a chocolate soufflé. Donald Westlake specializes in comic thrillers, and the funniest of these are his nine novels about John Archibald Dortmunder, a luckless burglar whose best-laid plans have a way of coming unstuck. These books (the latest of which—*What's the Worst That Could Happen?*—was published this fall) can be read in any order without fatal consequences, but they're better if you start with *The Hot Rock*, Dortmunder's 1970 debut, in which he attempts to heist an emerald with the assistance of a string of colleagues straight out of Charles Addams. Read this and you'll know why "Afghanistan banana stand" has been a password in my family for the last quarter-century. □

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New Thrillers, Good & Bad

Thrilled

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

I AM often tempted to think that "literary fiction" means fiction that nobody wants to read, just as "public television" means television that the public doesn't want to watch. Let us, therefore, praise what is patronizingly called "genre fiction." Here are some safe-bet Christmas presents: at least, it's a safe bet that many copies will be given as Christmas presents, if only because fame and fashion are assumed to guarantee the product. They could all be loosely described as thrillers.

■ Actually, John le Carré, author of *The Tailor of Panama* (Knopf, 336 pp., $25) might not like nowadays to be termed a thriller-writer. How le Carré, under his real name of David Cornwall, ever came to be accepted into Britain's Secret Intelligence Service is itself something of a mystery. His father was a confidence trickster, and, although the younger Cornwall is, perhaps for that reason, a man of austere integrity, his views—liberal and squeamish, as they have gradually emerged—are by no means those of a successful spook.

His early novels were straightforward spy and detective stories. His middle and best period, starting with *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, revealed more complex literary ambitions. Now he writes novels where the disillusioned politics are more important than the more-or-less spy-story structure to which he still adheres. *The Tailor of Panama*, inspired, as he freely acknowledges, by Graham Greene's *Our Man in Havana*, is about a socially insecure craftsman (the tailor's craft being to disguise reality) recruited by a slippery British agent to spy both on a dictator and on the revolutionaries. The material he provides is illusory, but the death and destruction unleashed by a British-supported American invasion are real. What began as a comedy ends as a tract. Le Carré, however, is so fine a wordsmith that the book remains compulsively readable and enjoyable.

■ Len Deighton, meanwhile, has moved in the opposite direction, away from the obscurity of *The Ipcress File* and the insolence of the character played in the movies by Michael Caine. His latest book, *Charity* (HarperCollins, 279 pp., $25), is more about spies than about spying, its focus being on the devious rivalry between careerist directors of the British Intelligence Service, and on the personal problems of Bernard Samson, the Berlin-based agent whose wife has been a dangerously ambiguous player in the Great Game with the Soviet Union. Since *Charity* is the third volume of a trilogy, following *Faith* and *Hope*, and tenth in the whole intricate series about Samson and his family, new readers may wallow a bit in their struggle to catch up. That the task proves both possible and worth while is a tribute to Deighton's storytelling craft.

Let us praise what is patronizingly called 'genre fiction.'

■ Frederick Forsyth established his storytelling credentials with *The Day of the Jackal*. Too easy-going and sensible to be a compulsive writer, he has fired off only a handful of subsequent blockbusters. *Icon* (Bantam, 464 pp., $24.95), about a looming fascist-style dictator in post-Soviet Russia, is filled with characteristic technical expertise, putting bones into a complicated narrative which ends with a battle for Moscow ("as timely and unsettling as tomorrow's headlines," cry the publishers). There is a hero, nursing a private revenge, but the scale is too large, the mood too chilly, for much personal involvement.

Even more epic in scale is Tom Clancy's *Executive Orders* (Putnam, 879 pp., $27.95), which picks up where its predecessor, *Debt of Honor*, left off. Most of Washington's political establishment having been wiped out, the reluctant and supposedly interim Vice President, Jack Ryan, has to take charge. Among the problems he must face are an impending clash between China and Taiwan, a murderous attack on his own family, and a new Gulf War. Mr. Clancy, credited (if that's the word) by his publishers with inventing the "techno-thriller," as well as with "timeliness and drama . . . an astonishing level of realism and authenticity," thinks big. This volume contains 879 closely printed pages. As a doorstop or a paperweight, excellent. But for reading? Certainly not in the bath. Burdensome on a train or plane. All one can say is that, if this is the sort of thing you like, it could scarcely be better done.

■ Now another fashionable pair; slightly, but not much, more cozy. Patricia Cornwell's narrator-heroine is Chief Medical Examiner for the Commonwealth of Virginia; which means a good deal of gruesome detail about corpses and autopsies. In *Cause of Death* (Putnam, 340 pp., $25.95), Dr. Scarpetta launches her investigation with a perilous dive into wintry waters to inspect a body trapped amid the skeletons of disused Navy ships. This leads to a fight against plutonium-stealing terrorists, with some nods to feminism and lesbianism on the way.

Lawyer John Grisham specializes in trial scenes. *The Runaway Jury* (Doubleday, 401 pp., $26.95) is virtually nothing but a trial scene, concerning a multimillion-dollar suit against a tobacco company. The focus throughout is on the jury, from selection to verdict, followed by revelations about who has contrived what and why. Again it's all expertly done, packed with authentic detail, highly readable. But a doubt creeps in about this whole kind of ripped-from-the-headlines fiction. Is timeliness really preferable to timelessness? Are Grisham's earnest lawyers really an improvement on the Perry Mason we knew and loved?

■ Ruth Rendell is fashionable too but for different reasons. She looks more intimately at flawed human beings; her vision seems bleak but manifests an odd warmth. A pseudonym, Barbara Vine, was supposed to mark out her non-detective novels, but the distinction has become increasingly pointless. Her new-

Mr. Lejeune is NR's longtime London correspondent.

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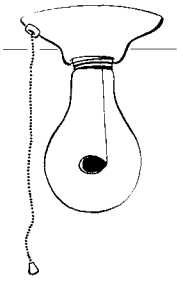
est novel written under the Rendell byline, *The Keys to the Street* (Crown, 326 pp., $24), features a lonely young woman, Mary Jago, house-sitting in the Primrose Hill district of London. She is harassed by a self-centered ex-lover, and rashly seeks the acquaintance of a hitherto anonymous man whose life she has saved by donating bone marrow for a transplant. Meanwhile, almost unnoticed but always close by, are the street people, wandering in Regent's Park, sleeping in doorways, some deranged, some drug-addicted, some who have chosen to detach themselves from normal society. And there have been murders, bodies impaled on the park railings. Mary looks like a disaster waiting to happen. But precisely what disaster, and when?



An equally good recent Barbara Vine, *The Brimstone Wedding*, (Crown, 336 pp., $24), is about a village girl helping to care for old people in an expensive retirement home. A special attachment grows up between her and the dying, but still vigorous, Stella. Their stories prove parallel. The girl's guesses are shrewd but never quite correct. Finally, Stella leaves a haunting message, "There is nothing in the house or garden"; enigmatic and yet, when understood, perfectly clear and necessary. Unusually for a character-centered writer, Ruth Rendell fits together brilliant plots, with always an extra twist in reserve.

■ Dick Francis does a seemingly simpler job. He writes racing thrillers, and, like any prudent purveyor of a successful commodity, uses the same basic ingredients each time. *To the Hilt* (Putnam, 322 pp., $24.95) contains: a much-enduring hero, sadistic villains, a mystery, mild romance, race horses (although the plot is not really about racing), specialist knowledge (about the Scottish Highlands, jewelry, painting, international money-transfers), and an intriguing theme (how to hide things, whether an heirloom, a valuable horse, or embezzled funds). The hero, although decent and resourceful, and kinsman to a Scottish earl, has shoulder-length hair and, for a living, paints golfing scenes in acrylics; which may take some swallowing but matters not a scrap, because Francis, a former champion jockey, happens, almost as improbably, to be a born storyteller.

■ If none of these bulky volumes fits your Christmas stocking, you could try something more modest. In *Black Alley* (Dutton, 234 pp., $23.95), that most engagingly unpretentious writer, Mickey Spillane, brings back Mike Hammer and his faithful Velda; automatics still spit lead as they pursue a Mafia fortune, but, by modern standards, it all seems remarkably innocent. Perhaps more widely recommendable is *Ten Lords a-Leaping* (St. Martin's, 224 pp., $21.95), by Ruth Dudley Edwards, a genuinely entertaining slapstick thriller, reprising from a previous novel the robust "Jack" Troutbeck, who, having by homicidal chance become Mistress of a Cambridge college, is now elevated to the House of Lords in the Conservative interest, still cheerfully immoderate in language and manners, ready to do battle against puritans, killjoys, non-drinkers, vegetarians, feminists, the nanny state, wets, trendies, the enemies of England—"the usual lot." Such right-minded company should guarantee a Merry Christmas. □

FILM

Witchery and Wonders

JOHN SIMON

I WISH I could remember the André Cayatte film on which ***The Mirror Has Two Faces*** is based. I recall only disliking it. The American version, which Barbra Streisand produced, directed, co-composed with Marvin Hamlisch, and, of course, stars in, goes the French one better: it is loathsome. This should not prevent its being a hit: we live in a *barbrous* age.

At the time of her remake of *A Star Is Born*, Miss Streisand elicited from me: "O for the gift of Rostand's Cyrano to invoke the vastness of that nose alone as it cleaves the giant screen from east to west, bisects it from north to south. It zigzags across our horizon like a bolt of fleshy lightning; it towers like a ziggurat made of meat." But the nose is only a symbol, or symptom, of what is wrong with Barbra Streisand.

She could easily have had it fixed; she had no problem, after all, shaving the middle "a" out of her given name. Her excuse was that it might have diminished her voice. But with electronics what they are, who would have known the difference? The nose, rather, is a monument to her ego: she'll force it down your craw whether you like it or not. It is like her unshed Brooklyn accent, as charming as bubble gum at a formal ball. She wants that face of hers to be in our face; that speech (like Rice Krispies if they could talk, I once called it) to ravish—i.e., violate—our ears.

In *The Mirror Has Two Faces*, Miss Streisand pretends to honesty by playing an alleged ugly duckling. But this duckling is a highly popular Columbia professor of literature (kind unspecified), radiating inner beauty and demotically passionate about baseball. On her blackboard are the names Roland Barthes and Michel Foucault, though her lecture seems to have nothing to do with them. The lecture room is the size of a minor railway station, and is packed with students, auditing fellow teachers, and extras from central casting. She spouts platitudes and psychobabble punctuated with inane jokes that have the assembled multitude rocking with laughter, every laugh of the same volume and duration as the next. Even laugh tracks simulate a little variety.

The duckling sets her cap at a bumbling colleague, a mathematics professor played by Jeff Bridges, an actor who deserves better. He is a total nincompoop who needs Miss Streisand to coach him in how to keep his students awake. She instructs him not to face the blackboard while writing on it, and encourages him to turn mathematical demonstrations into stories with human interest. We don't see him doing it, but he is wildly grateful for alleged successes. So much so that, his marriage to a beauty having failed, he enters into a supposedly enlightened, entirely sexless marriage with Miss Streisand. Several attractive students are yearning for him, but he

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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chooses her, for reasons that should be as plain as the nose on her face.

There are trials and tribulations. One morning Miss Streisand informs Mr. Bridges that she'd like some sex by nightfall, which has him choking on his breakfast coffee. He tries, but it doesn't work out, and she walks out on him. By the time he catches up with her, she has transformed herself into what is meant to be a gorgeous swan, yet looks to me merely different but equal. Mr. Bridges, clod that he is, is amazed, but not bowled over. Only when Miss Streisand removes herself from his grasp and is hotly panted after by her pretty sister's dreamboat husband does Jeff, now totally besotted, madly want her back. Miss Streisand's swanliness is complete. The ending, which could keep a coffee bar in artificial sweetener for a solid week, continues under the closing credits, which are endless.

What makes Barbra Streisand so successful? In the old Hollywood, there was no star of comparable sex repeal. Kay Francis, who came closest, was still ahead by a country mile. The mass attitude has changed in recent decades: the *profanum vulgus* has discovered the virtues of empowerment and entitlement, and the vices of elitism and lookism. In movie-star terms, this translates into: the plainer the better, because the more like us. If Miss Streisand can end up with the best of everything, so can we. As on the big screen, so in life, right?

Best about the movie is Lauren Bacall's performance as Miss Streisand's sardonic mom: boldest is the latter's composing its "love theme." I can see it now: the director-star picks out a few sticky notes on the piano—unless she merely hums them—and Hamlisch orchestrates them into a big, shlurpy "love theme." Miss Streisand may have got the idea from Chaplin; but compare his catchy music for *Limelight* with the faceless one in *The Mirror Has Two Faces*, and there is, well, no comparison. For the record, the screenplay is by Richard LaGravenese, who also gave us *The Fisher King*, that landmark of bathos and bombast. How marvelously he and Miss Streisand must have hit it off!

■ ***Breaking the Waves***, by the Dane Lars von Trier, won the Jury Prize at Cannes. If you believe in miracles—which might include von Trier making a sane movie—this could be the film for you. Bess, a sweet Scottish lass in a harbor town some twenty years ago, marries Ian, a macho Scandinavian oil-rig worker. They consummate their marriage in a lavatory, and all would be wonderful if Ian didn't have to be back on the job so soon. Bess has intimate conversations with God, requesting the prompt return of her husband. And back he comes, owing to a horrible accident that leaves him paralyzed, bed-ridden, and at death's door.

The nose is only a symbol, or symptom, of what is wrong with Barbra Streisand.

Ian proceeds to persuade Bess that, for his sake, she must have sex with another: this, he tells her gallantly, will cure him if only she keeps relating her sexual experiences to him. She resists at first, but love prevails. Bess becomes the strict Calvinist town's whore as she seeks out more and more brutal, indeed sadistic, affairs with men from the ships that put in at the harbor. When, as the press kit delicately puts it, she "plunges into the ultimate sacrifice," a whopping double miracle takes place.

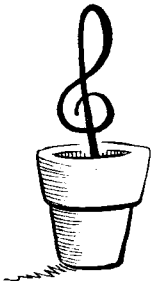
Von Trier uses a handheld camera that must have become glued to its operator's hands. The most ordinary indoor scenes are shot so as to make you feel you're on a stormy ocean crossing and you've run out of Dramamine. Also, for no particular reason, the film is in chapters. Each chapter begins with a computer-generated quasi-landscape painting in which elaborate time and weather changes are compressed into one minute each. These artsy minutes seem almost longer than the hours of the rest of the film, in which the nonmiraculous sequences are no more believable than the miracles.

Emily Watson is touching as Bess, and Katrin Cartlidge is equally fine as her devoted sister-in-law. Stellan Skarsgård, as Ian, is appropriately bearish when vertical, and wheedling when horizontal. In the part of the chief pervert, pretty boy Udo Kier is, for once, properly cast. Robby Mueller is a master cinematographer, but visual bravura at the service of narrative and psychological absurdity becomes a case of packaging over substance. The film's score is an anthology of garish Seventies pop, with a prestigious sprinkling of Bach. I am not quite sure what is meant by the title, *Breaking the Waves*, but after seeing the film, I can tell you all about stretching patience to the breaking point. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Rules: Time-Tested Secrets for Capturing the Heart of Mr. Right, by Ellen Fein and Sherrie Schneider (Warner, 174 pp., $5.99)

FORGET women's lib and welcome to the 1950s: the most-talked-about best-seller of the season is a slim paperback that advises women to date men as if Eisenhower, not Clinton, were the President. The rules listed here include: "Don't talk to a man first," "Don't call him and rarely return his calls," be "demure" and ladylike. But the Rules are about more than just playing hard to get. Some would seem to be common sense: e.g., on the first date, don't talk about your shrink. Others require much self-restraint, we are cautioned, especially such toughies as not having sex on the first date and not dating married men.



Well, the sad fact is that we live in a society so unmoored from basic assumptions about proper behavior that women *need* to be told not only to avoid talking with strangers about intimate subjects like their psychotherapy sessions, but also not to wreck other women's homes or generally act like strumpets. What's doubly sad, and likewise a reflection on a culture coming unglued, is that while the authors are certainly correct in advising their readers to avoid adultery and cheap sex, the reasons they cite for doing so are strictly utilitarian: e.g., the main problems with having an affair are that the man won't respect you and you'll get hurt. As if *successfully* stealing another woman's husband would be just fine. Come to think of it, this book really is for the Nineties after all.

—KARINA ROLLINS

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DEEDES

(Continued from page 46)

skilled but wretchedly ill-equipped. Painkillers and other medications are in short supply—partly because if they were more abundant, they would be sold off. I have watched operations in which the surgeon has had to work with barely sufficient anesthetic, marveling at the stoicism of the patient.

What is the outlook for a man who lives by tilling the land after he has lost a leg or an arm? If he is lucky he may eventually get an artificial limb. There are prosthetic factories in Third World countries, some of them run by the Red Cross—but they can supply only a small proportion of the need. The chances are that the man who has lost his leg will be driven to become a beggar.

And what is the military return for so much human suffering? A study undertaken by the International Committee of the Red Cross, and published earlier this year, points out that in the 26 conflicts considered, no case was found in which the use of anti-personnel mines played a major role in determining the outcome.

Furthermore, the ICRC report points out: "It appears that no systematic studies of whether their actual military effects have lived up to expectations under past combat conditions have been undertaken by professional military organizations or military analysts."

But even if such a study had reported favorably on the use of anti-personnel mines, the military would *still* be breaching a fundamental principle of war. That principle is that no weapon should be used which causes human suffering out of all proportion to its military value. What weapon could possibly justify the death or injury of some 2,000 innocent persons every month, continuing for decades after the conflict has ended?

The Red Cross and many other organizations seek a total ban on these weapons. That call has been joined by some forty-odd countries, including Canada, Australia, and Germany. They will be gathering in Canada later this year.

Why do so many still resist this call? There are trade as well as military considerations. The British government won't agree to a ban, though it does favor the self-destruct mine over mines that will remain live until they find a victim, and it has declared in Parliament that it would not use self-destruct mines with a failure rate greater than 1 in 1,000. How such a figure would be tested and proved is unclear.

In any case, there is no international agreement on what the life of the self-destruct mine should be. Nor is it likely to be purchased by countries at war as long as the cheaper, so-called "dumb" mines are available in such abundant quantities.

Britain also maintains that an international ban would not be effective. Yet such bans have worked with respect to chemical weapons and poison gas. Some of the principal manufacturing nations, such as Russia and China and Pakistan, might for a time resist a ban on anti-personnel mines. But if a sufficient number of nations joined the forty or so that already support a ban, pressure would mount on those which held out against it.

The global ban, in my view, is the only way forward—and it should be followed by every country in the world which does not want to be found at the seat of judgment guilty of committing inexcusable crimes against humanity. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

1 I	2 H	3 O	4 P	5 Q		6 G	7 Q	8 C	9 H	10 E	11 M		12 F	13 V		14 P	15 B	16 S		17 E	18 D	19 J	20 I	21 H
22 X	23 S		24 L	25 G	26 F		27 T	28 F	29 W	30 P	31 D	32 E		33 D	34 P		35 F	36 D	37 C	38 V	39 W	40 X		41 E
42 N		43 C	44 P	45 L	46 B	47 F	48 Q	49 T	50 Y	51 O	52 S	53 D	54 R		55 A	56 E	57 G	58 C	59 Q		60 O	61 J	62 X	63 H
64 P	65 R	66 I		67 N	68 A	69 H	70 R	71 T	72 P		73 S	74 R	75 P		76 E	77 T	78 Q	79 R	80 N	81 K	82 F	83 G	84 V	
85 S	86 W	87 O	88 R	89 Y	90 K	91 M		92 P	93 O	94 J	95 U		96 N	97 I	98 V		99 P	100 J	101 Q	102 X	103 F	104 G	105 C	106 H
107 P		108 J	109M	110W	111 R	112 I	113 Q	114 T		115 P	116 E	117 A		118 A	119 V	120 B	121 H	122M	123 U	124 L		125 E	126 H	127 C
128 Q	129 H	130 O		131 E	132 L		133 N	134 R		135 P	136 V	137 N	138 Q	139 K	140 O		141 P	142 U	143 A		144 C	145 D	146 U	147 X
148 P	149 Q	150 F	151 G	152 R	153 D	154 J		155 V	156 I	157 T	158 Y	159 O	160 B		161 F	162 B	163 P		164 O	165 Y	166W		167 R	168 G
169 H	170 T	171 A		172 J	173 P	174 B	175 X	176 N	177 K	178 I		179 H	180 T		181 V	182 U	183M	184 O	185 T	186 Y		187 G	188 P	189 V
190 D	191W	192 J	193 R	194 Q	195 X	196 I		197 C	198 Y	199 E		200 T	201 K	202 H	203 X	204 C	205 D	206 O	207 J					

DEFINITIONS

A. Led — 118 55 68 143 117 171

B. Neigh — 174 15 46 120 162 160

C. Self-evident — 197 127 43 58 144 105 37 8 204

D. Juicy (of gossip) — 31 36 53 145 18 205 33 153 190

E. Paganism — 76 17 41 10 116 32 56 199 131 125

F. Most-favored campaign contributor — 12 103 26 28 35 82 47 150 161

G. Familial favoritism — 25 6 187 168 104 57 83 151

H. Morbid wit (2 words) — 106 126 169 202 21 63 9 2 121 129 179 69

I. He hoped to see his Pilot face to face — 1 112 66 97 196 178 156 20

J. Pearl farm (2 words) — 19 207 154 94 192 172 108 61 100

K. Requires — 81 90 201 177 139

L. Wither, wane — 132 24 45 124

M. Norwegian poet, father of modern drama — 122 183 11 109 91

N. Virginia river near Charlottesville — 176 80 67 96 42 137 133

O. Sailor's water barrel — 130 159 93 140 206 184 3 60 51 164 87

P. How Stamp Tax collectors were sometimes welcomed (3 words) — 14 148 4 30 107 92 99 44 75 34 173 / 141 115 135 72 188 64 163

Q. Moderately priced — 128 149 5 7 78 113 59 48 194 101 138

R. James River shipbuilding town (2 words) — 74 65 88 79 152 193 70 134 54 111 167

S. Type of Monastery or convent — 73 52 85 16 23

T. Informal, not authoritative — 71 114 49 180 200 170 27 185 77 157

U. Marine lieutenant's nursemaid — 146 182 142 123 95

V. How best to run for Congress — 38 13 189 155 181 136 84 119 98

W. Name, public regard — 39 166 191 29 110 86

X. Civil War battlefield near Sharpsburg — 175 147 195 203 40 62 102 22

Y. Reindeer moss — 50 158 186 165 89 198

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. ALFORD: *Come, Ye Thankful People, Come*: "Come, ye thankful people, come; raise the song of harvest home. All is safely gathered in ere the winter storms begin. God, our Maker, doth provide for our wants to be supplied. Come to God's own temple, come; raise the song of harvest home."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Newt Talk

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19

Yesterday's was an extemporaneous discussion among resolute conservative Republicans, and the question was: Newt Gingrich. From it all one decocts the following:

1. The Democratic establishment decided about six months ago that Gingrich was its most vulnerable target. His primary weakness, in the eyes of the hunters, was his proprietary hold over the Contract with America. It was he who drafted its provisions, he who popularized it, he who organized the Republican incumbents and challengers to declare their commitment to it.

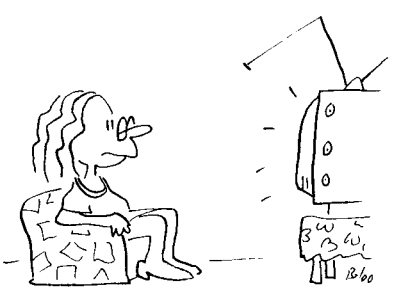
After the electoral catastrophe of November 1994, President Clinton took the measure of it, retreated, and designed a strategic response. He would line up wobbly Republicans (like Senators Chafee and Kassebaum) to upset the majority, where possible. Where not possible, he would veto and then appropriate the air waves to give the reasons for his veto, principally, his desire to curb the Republican Congress in its manifest indifference to a) the old, b) the sick, c) the young, and d) the indigent. Since political movements almost always depend on the anthropomorphization of the enemy, it became now less a campaign against the 104th Congress than a campaign against its misanthropic commander, Newt Gingrich.

The Speaker played into the enemy's hands, here and there, by flourishes of self-confidence which were transcribed as arrogance. Gingrich is a successful politician, but he has never entirely mastered the art of suffering fools gladly, and he intimated as much in exchanges here and there on television. The Democratic political team decided to put it all together. There was, then, the adventitious feature of Gingrich's seemingly endless combat with the Ethics Committee of the House. On and on it went. Seventy-four of the seventy-five charges against Gingrich were laid to rest, but the remaining one was not, and his failure to catalyze an end to the inquiry left hanging the question: Was the Speaker guilty of the same kind of thing he had persuaded the House to expel Speaker Jim Wright for?

2. Most of the charges against Gingrich were simple political opportunism. Americans able to think from A all the way to B should have scoffed at the charge that a program to increase Medicare by 7 instead of 10 per cent was the equivalent of antipathy to the old and the infirm. But the point to be examined isn't whether Gingrich suffers the contumely of much of the public, but rather, What do we do if it is established that that exactly is what happened? When defamatory statements are made about you, the assumption has got to be that you were---damaged. In some situations, the victim sues in a civil proceeding. Such an alternative is of course not available to the Speaker of the House. Who then proceeds, bearing the burden of that damage.

3. Next question: What does loyalty demand? The famous taunt is directed at those who do not "retrieve their wounded." But the call to loyalty as the primary obligation is wholly persuasive when dealing with poets, less so when dealing with public officials. The Wisconsin voter who concluded that Sen. Joe McCarthy had been falsely accused in nine out of ten cases might nevertheless have decided that he had been damaged and effectively immobilized, and that under the circumstances, the anti-Communist cause was better served by replacing him.

4. Kate O'Beirne proposed in these pages last week that Gingrich think about an alternative, which the adage describes as *reculer pour mieux sauter*—step back now in order to jump further forward tomorrow. She cited Winston Churchill, and of course the tradition in England is conspicuous, the leader who loses support, acknowledges that loss, backs off, and waits until the situation is once again propitious.



"Now, here to reply to last night's editorial by our station manager, is our station manager, who has changed his mind."

Charles de Gaulle did that after the war, retiring from active leadership to his pastoral retreat at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, waiting, with some confidence, for history to sound the tocsin; which it did, in 1958, giving the General the reins of France at a critical period, for a critical length of time.

5. One commentator added that the reputation of Gingrich will rest finally on the integrity of his pursuit of his program. If his conviction is that that program best serves the future interests of the United States, then he should weigh the question whether his identification with it, as leader, diminishes its prospects. Leaving us to ask,

6. Shouldn't the decision be Newt's? He knows politics, knows his ideals; knows, therefore, his duty. If he decides to stay on, then he reasons that he is best equipped notwithstanding his disadvantages to continue to guide the movement. Most of his supporters believe that that decision is correctly his to make. □

The California Marijuana Vote

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15

The vote in California (forgetting, for the moment, the startling vote in Arizona) on the marijuana question mobilizes opponents on divers grounds.

Proposition 215, voted in by a heavy majority (56 per cent), imposes new laws respecting marijuana. It is probably unsafe to say that the law was "designed" to make marijuana available to sick people whose doctors recommended it as a tranquilizer or stomach settler, or whatever. Unsafe, because it is entirely possible that something else was intended by the voters, namely general judicial relief. Proposition 215 is as indefinite in the authority given to doctors to authorize marijuana as *Roe* v. *Wade* turned out to be to doctors who recommend abortion "for the safety of the mother."

Dazed opponents of 215 are prepared to fight on several fronts. The excitable California attorney general, Dan Lungren, has sent out the word that 215 is to be interpreted very strictly as something a doctor has to recommend on a case-by-case basis. Some opponents are citing federal laws. There is one such against the use of marijuana, and no doubt there will be a legal battle over the question. If so, we will hear from the solicitor general that although individual states may decide whether the sale of alcohol is legal, the

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Federal Government exercises preemptive rights when marijuana is at issue.

The California Medical Association has received 215 as a mandate to the National Institutes of Health to grow up. Many California voters were presumably soured into voting Yes by the notorious decision of the NIH a year or so ago to refuse to conduct studies on the medical value of smoked marijuana on the grounds that to do so would require experimentation on live people. Such was the reasoning, up until not so long ago, of some theologians, who stood in the way of men seeking to ascertain whether they were fertile on the grounds that to produce examinable semen would require masturbation. In fact, likely findings from the NIH could hardly confute the direct evidence of hundreds of witnesses to the effectiveness of marijuana in certain circumstances as a palliative. The Food and Drug Administration approved the active ingredient in marijuana (THC) years ago, to counteract the wasting effect of cancer. "But," the *Orange County Register* reminds us, "it's legally available only in pill form, which is criticized as expensive and of little help to patients too nauseated to swallow." It isn't likely that any judge in California will find means of freezing Proposition 215 until the NIH comes in with its finding.

Mourners over the success of 215 point out that opponents were vastly outspent. Yes, but we are talking nickels and dimes. Supporters of the reform raised $1.8 million, which in California politics is barely enough to squeeze in your middle initial. Opponents spent $28,000. But the plebiscite was noticed primarily by attention given to it in editorial and news coverage. You don't need a lot of paid time to advertise a conclusion a) that people who are sick and are helped by marijuana should be free to take it; and b) (if only indirectly) that it is time to say no to the Narcs who want to arrest and imprison anyone who uses the stuff.

It was so also in Arizona, where Proposition 200, the Drug Medicalization, Prevention, and Control Act, won 65 per cent of the vote. It says that Arizona's doctors can prescribe marijuana, heroin, and LSD for patients when there is "medicinal value." The proposition goes further, giving grounds to free some thousand prisoners provided that their only crime was drug possession. It eliminates criminal penalties for first-timers caught with small amounts of drugs, so long as they were not involved in violence (simultaneously, Proposition 200 stiffened penalties for violent crimes done under the influence of drugs).

At moments like this one really has to cheer the federal system. Ten years from now one should have the data with which soberly to assess the difference between life and health and justice in California under the new law and, say, New York under the old law. It is vital for those who welcome Proposition 215 to bear in mind that effectively eliminating the legal penalty against nonchalant pot is no reason to abandon educational warnings against its use, and medical warnings against its abuse. □

On Being Involved In Mankind

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22

The question was asked last week of someone who had once served as a critical advisor to an American President in all matters related to defense. The question was, What role should we play in the Zaïre/Rwanda situation? And his answer was: "What we have there is two tribes that simply don't like each other." He thought this a sufficient answer. Two tribes in eastern Africa that don't like each other equals no particular responsibility that devolves on the United States of America.

And yet there is moral uneasiness. What is the infrastructure of moral concern?

1. "Every man's death diminishes me, for I am involved in mankind." That is the generic formulation, by John Donne. It's true, isn't it? We do in fact care what happens in other parts of the globe, even if we are by no means committing ourselves to going out and fixing the situation. So—plant that axiom: We care if hundreds of thousands, maybe millions, stand to be killed in a tribal war in eastern Africa.

2. We are more or less committed to the proposition that a country recognized as sovereign is outside the interventionist reach of other countries except when the country in question is preparing to engage in aggressive action against a neighboring country. In the international understanding, Rwanda and Burundi are independent states, and tribal strife within their boundaries is an internal political problem.

3. The feelgood cliché of the century is that wars, extraterritorial or civil, never settle anything. This is not, however, in fact true. They do not *necessarily* settle anything, but often they do. In the United States the Civil War most definitely settled the question of secession. The Boer War settled the question of who ruled in South Africa. Successive wars in Europe in this century reaffirmed earlier centuries' national consolidations. Italy, France, and Germany remained in place.

4. Moving forward in perspective, the question has subtly arisen, Is there anything of an internal nature a country can do which might result in forfeiting sovereignty? Suppose, simply to reach for a blackboard illustration, that a country surrounded by orderly democratic countries decided it would solve its population problem by killing (by whatever means) every person who reached his 70th birthday. The Central Planner might even modify its death programs by an annual census. For every 0.5-percentage-point rise in the birth rate, the required death age would descend by one year. Last year the birth rate rose to 3.5, so beginning in January, everyone age 69 would be executed.

What would we say about a move initiated in the United Nations to strip this country of its sovereignty, placing it on probation (after repealing the superannuation death code) for five or ten years?

5. And what role might the world's superpower play in such circumstances? We have, within the past five years, felt the special tug of Somalia, where people were starving to death at the rate of two thousand per day. We landed the troops and effectively mitigated starvation. A mistake in statecraft then happened: the American Administration decided to go further than merely to superintend the distribution of food. The decision was to extend the franchise and diddle with the government, which meant attempting to apprehend a strongman whom we simply failed to find. American soldiers were killed, and before long we pulled out.

In Zaïre/Burundi/Rwanda we see gestating in direct view of CNN's cameras the threat of a return to butchery on a scale that should appall. Over one million Tutsis and Hutus have slaughtered each other in the last two years.

From which, conclusions surely cry out to be drawn. a) Rwanda and Burundi have forfeited the authority inherent in sovereign states. b) The world needs an organization modeled on the French Foreign Legion, organized and (substantially) financed by the superpower, with contributions expected from other civilized nations. The Foreign Legion would attract predominantly mercenaries. In the tradition of the French Foreign Legion, we might, after five years' faithful service, grant citizenship to applicants. It is this Legion, not U.S. army troops, which would now be headed for Rwanda. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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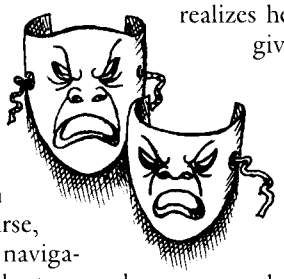
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

THE *Titanic* is one of the two things that make me cry (the other is "*La Marseillaise*"). It's also the only thing that can make me knock off work and ignore a deadline. Whenever the 1952 movie starring Clifton Webb and Barbara Stanwyck comes on TV, I drop everything and prepare to dissolve.

I have a first-hand connection to the *Titanic*. My father was taken by his father to Belfast to watch her being built. He used to tell me about it, then launch into the story of the doomed voyage, wiping away a few tears of his own while my irrepressible mother interjected, "Why didn't they put it in low and pump the brakes?"



As I write this, I have just seen the latest *Titanic* movie, the CBS two-part miniseries starring George C. Scott as Captain E. J. Smith. Scott, of course, was superb, and so were the navigation scenes, but I didn't shed a tear, and frequently yelled at the TV with the choleric abandon I usually reserve for network news.

A comparison of the various *Titanic* movies reveals more about our current cultural confusion, spiritual brittleness, and artistic mediocrity than the endless symposia on values emanating from conservative think tanks.

The 1952 movie with Clifton Webb and Barbara Stanwyck is a personal drama with a nautical backdrop. Webb plays a rich American expatriate and bon vivant who married poor-girl Stanwyck and made a fashionable lady of her—but at a price. His cold sophistication and sharp tongue have hurt her once too often, and she has gotten even by making him rock another man's cradle. Norman, the 13-year-old son he adores, is not his child.

Stanwyck has left Webb and is taking Norman and his older sister back to America on the *Titanic*, but Webb books passage at the last minute and demands custody of Norman. In the bitter argument that ensues, she blurts out, "He is not your son." She immediately regrets it, but it's too late. To her guilty horror, Webb takes it out on the boy, changing overnight from a loving father to a snarling stranger.

On the night of the disaster, Norman is put into a lifeboat with his mother and sister, but longing for his father and conscious of wearing his first pair of long pants, he gives his seat to a woman and returns to the ship.

As the lifeboat rows away, the band on deck begins to play "Danny Boy." Stanwyck, looking around in panic, realizes her son is not in the boat and gives a despairing scream. Up on the foundering ship, Webb finds Norman and tells a crewman to put him in a lifeboat, but the last one has just left. The lesson of "the sins of the fathers" could not be made clearer.

The movie ends on the theme of "Greater love hath no man than to give up his life for a friend." Gazing worshipfully at his father, Norman says, "I thought we could make a swim of it together, sir." Webb embraces him and replies, "I've been proud of you every day of your life, but never so much as I am at this moment. I feel as tall as a mountain." As the band plays "Nearer My God to Thee," Webb and the boy, their arms round each other, sing the hymn with the stranded passengers—John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Straus, men in white tie and coal-blackened stevedores—until the end comes.

The 1958 British documentary *A Night to Remember* is an excellent film, but it contains the first hint of something that was destined to get worse. Once again the band plays "Nearer My God to Thee," but instead of the melodious church version heard in the earlier movie, they inexplicably play the complex choral arrangement. Not surprisingly, the passengers do not sing.

The made-for-TV *R.M.S. Titanic* came out in the late Eighties and starred Donald Sutherland. Told from the viewpoint of liberal academics in second class, it was predictably political, and had the Countess of Rothes, who displayed such courage in the lifeboats, fondling herself in the Turkish bath. It was also factually off: the ballroom dances were surreal slow-motion shots completely unrelated to the lively turkey trots and bunny hugs of 1912.

This movie had no "Nearer My God to Thee" at all. The band played a dreary dirge called "Autumn." Here we have a curious arbitrary bow to historical accuracy. At the inquiry held after the disaster, some survivors testified that the band played "Nearer My God to Thee," while some said it was "Autumn," described in several *Titanic* books as an "Episcopal hymn." I never heard of it, but I do know the difference between spring and fall. Why would the band, playing on an April night for people about to die, choose the mournful "Autumn"? They were playing without sheet music—could they possibly have known this obscure number by heart?

THE new CBS miniseries also gives us "Autumn," along with a band that has been reduced to a string sextet whose thin efforts are barely audible. The emasculation of this scene over the years is a perfect example of the movie industry's conscious refusal to let people have their cultural myths. We needn't look far for the reason. If I can respond emotionally to a full-throated rendition of "Nearer My God to Thee" with every atheistic fiber of my being, imagine the effect it would have on millions less warped. The resulting spiritual rejuvenation would bankrupt the sex-and-violence business overnight.

The CBS miniseries also tries to downplay first-class passengers and give equal time to steerage, but it doesn't work. Tragedy is *supposed* to discriminate. Audiences have always been more interested in the high and mighty because they fall farther and harder: it simply makes for better theater. As Aristotle said in his rules for the classical drama, tragedy is what happens to the best people; melodrama is what happens to the rest.

The CBS *Titanic* is more faithful to the rule laid down by Oscar Wilde: "One would have to have a heart of stone to read Dickens's account of the death of Little Nell without bursting out laughing." □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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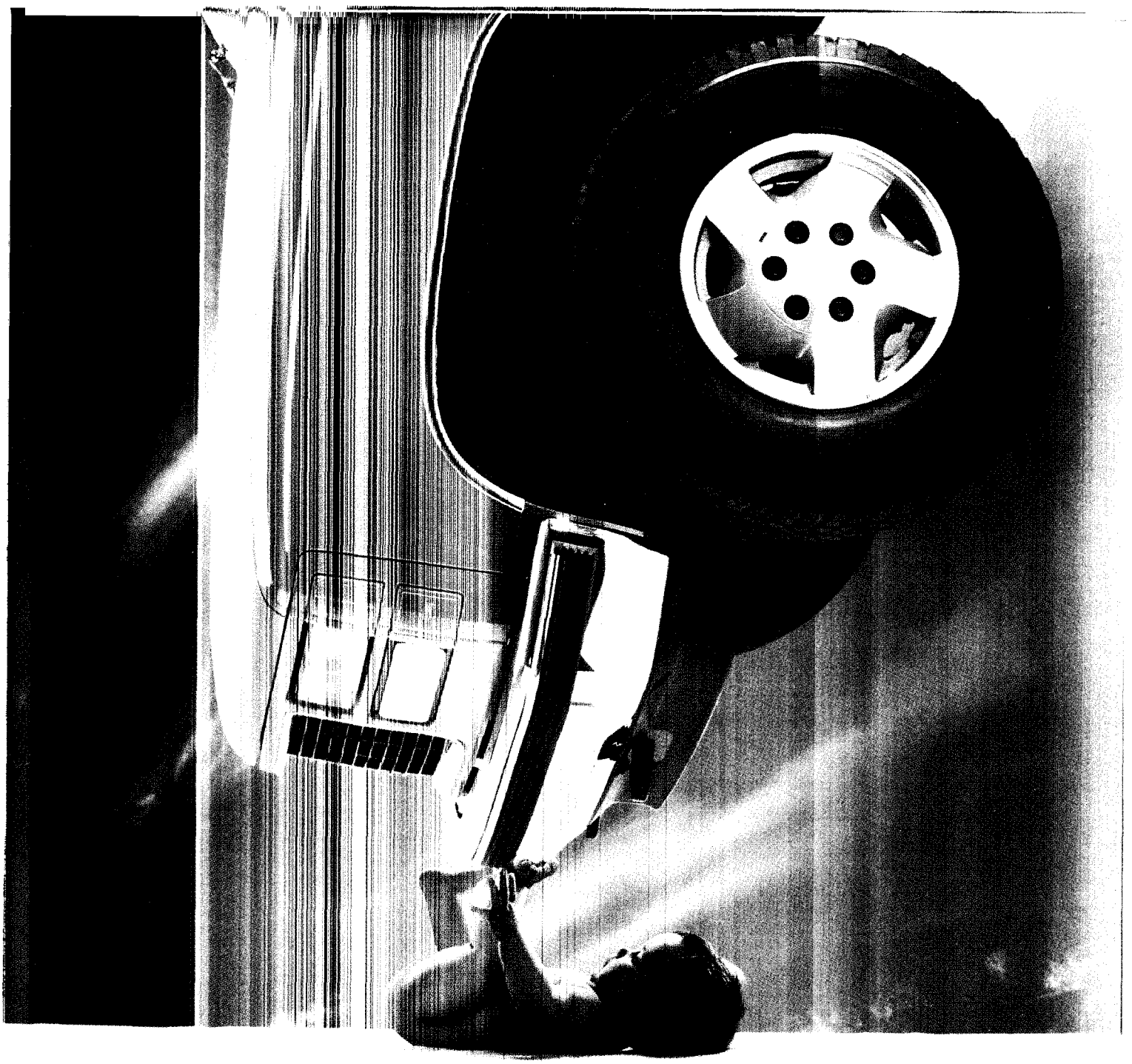

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